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INTERVIEWS WITH LIVING PIONEERS

INDEX (see also Name index)

Adobe making, Santa Clara.....	132
Amusements, Pioneer, Harrisburg, Utah.....	124
Dixie.....	44, 51
Santa Clara.....	22, 25, 26
Rockville.....	95
St. George.....	32
Southern Utah.....	164, 170
Andrus, Jim, Character of.....	109, 158
Art needlecraft, Toquerville.....	136
Baking ovens Pioneer open.....	42
of rock, Santa Clara.....	18
Baking powder, Salaratus used as.....	39
Band, Santa Clara.....	69
Barclay, Nevada, Pioneers of.....	20
Barter trading at Toquerville.....	10
Basketmaking, Dixie.....	53
Baskets, Use of for barter at Santa Clara.....	16
Beaty, John T, Toquerville experiences of.....	5
Beaver, Pioneer experiences at.....	126
Beet molasses at Toquerville.....	9
Berry boys, Murder of by Indians.....	140, 146, 156, 160
Black Hawk Indian war, 1866.....	6
Bodily, Robert, Vernal, Utah experiences of.....	5-9
Bow and arrow shooting, Santa Clara boys.....	25
Bringhurst, Mary J., Pioneer Toquerville experiences of.....	9
Buffalo Bill, Kanab, visit of.....	161
Bunker, Stephen Albert, Pioneer experiences of.....	24
Bunkerville, Cotton growing at.....	67
Candy making, Santa Clara, 1860.....	22
Canfield, Martha, Pioneer experiences of.....	30
Cattle grazing company, Kolab.....	107
Cattle herding, Harrisburg.....	120
Santa Clara.....	65, 132
Southern Utah.....	112, 169
Cattle, Losses of, Clover Valley, Nev.....	21
Santa Clara pioneer.....	16
Cattle theivery, Indian.....	120
Cattle, Wild, Santa Clara.....	65
Cedar City, Pioneer experiences at.....	146
Celebrations, 4th and 24th at, St. George.....	32
Toquerville.....	1
Celebrations, Southern Utah.....	157
Childbirth conditions, Santa Clara pioneer.....	16
Children, Homey experiences of.....	97

Christmas celebration, Santa Clara.....	69
Christmas gifts, Santa Clara.....	38
Church activity of John T. Beaty.....	5
Church authorities, (see also young, B., etc.)	
Special dinners for.....	106
Visit to Virgin City.....	114
Clothing, Pioneer,	
Dixie homespun.....	42, 50
St. George.....	32
Santa Clara.....	21, 26, 153, 155, 164
Southern Utah.....	166
Toquerville.....	9, 145
Clothing styles, Rockville.....	95
Cloth making,	
Southern Utah.....	170
Toquerville.....	133
Clover Valley, Nevada, Pioneers of.....	20
Cooperation, Pioneer, Vernal, Utah.....	7-8
Corn husking bee, Santa Clara.....	66
Cornelius, Mariam Lee, Experiences of.....	27, 28
Cotton, Cloth making,	
Dixie.....	42
Toquerville.....	3, 11, 142
Cotton growing,	
Bunkerville.....	67
Santa Clara.....	169
Toquerville.....	10, 11, 102, 144
Cragun, (Mrs) Maggie, Pioneer experiences of.....	35
Crop production, Southern Utah.....	167
Crops,	
Rockville pioneer.....	42, 49
Santa Clara.....	71-72
Dairying,	
Orderville United Order.....	58
Southern Utah.....	107
Dalton, Alice Langston, Pioneer experiences of.....	42
Dalton, Brigham, Pioneer experiences of.....	149
Dalton, Utah, Pioneer experiences at.....	135
Dancing, Pioneer,	
Dixie.....	53
Santa Clara.....	22
St. George.....	32
Toquerville pioneer.....	9
Divining rod use, Toquerville.....	106
Dixie, Missionary call to.....	37
Domestic art school, Toquerville.....	136
Drama, Virgin City.....	102
Dramatics, Southern Utah.....	145
Dress styles, Rockville.....	95
Drinking water supply, St. George.....	33
Drunkenness at Toquerville.....	3-4
Duel at Silver Reef.....	148
Earl, James Calvin, Pioneer experiences of.....	55
Education, Pioneer,	
Dixie.....	45, 51

Education

Rockville.....	90
Santa Clara.....	164, 170
Emigrants, Utah reception of.....	151
Emigration fund repayment with wine.....	16
Entertainments, Pioneer,	
Dixie.....	44, 51
Toquerville.....	136, 145
Esplin, Pioneer experiences of.....	57
Evert, Elijah, Murder of by Indians.....	147
Farm crops, Santa Clara.....	65-66
Farm implements, Pioneer, Dixie homemade.....	42
Farm work, Pioneer, Santa Clara.....	17-18
Farming Difficulties, Southern Utah.....	167
Federal officer kills Toquerville polygamist.....	3
Federal polygamist raids,.....	see Polygamist raids
Fever, Santa Clara.....	66
Firemaking without matches.....	38
Flood,	
Santa Clara.....	163, 166
Santa Clara Creek, 1861.....	19
Southern Utah, 1861.....	152
Flour shortage, Santa Clara.....	72
Flower garden, Toquerville.....	4
Food, Pioneer,	
Dixie.....	42, 49-50, 54
Santa Clara.....	17-18, 22, 64-65, 71, 72
Southern Utah.....	153, 157, 167
Virgin.....	29
Food shortage, Santa Clara.....	60, 83, 164, 166
Forts	
at Clover Valley, Nevada.....	20
at Virgin City.....	99
Frei, Edward R., Pioneer experiences of.....	59
Freighting,	
Milford to Santa Clara.....	61
Southern Utah and California.....	4
Fruit, Drying, Southern Utah.....	138
Fruit Growing, Pioneer,	
Dixie.....	43
Laverkin.....	86
Fruit peddling,	
Pioche.....	66
Southern Utah.....	74, 75, 163
Fruit preservation, Pioneer, Dixie.....	43
Fruit prices, Silver Reef mine.....	12, 14
Fuel used by pioneer of Santa Clara.....	18
Furniture, Home-made, Pioneer,	
Dixie.....	50
Santa Clara.....	21, 24, 73
Gardening, Toquerville.....	143
Gold panning, California.....	127
Graff, Joseph, Pioneer experiences of.....	63
Grafton, Pioneer experiences at.....	146, 156
Grain gradeling, Southern Utah.....	170
Grain gleanng,	
Santa Clara.....	18

Grasshopper troubles, Rockville.....	94
Gubler, Casper, Pioneer experiences of.....	76
Gubler, Harmon, Pioneer experiences of.....	70
Gubler, Henry, Pioneer experiences of.....	86
Gubler, Joseph, Pioneer experiences of.....	84
Hamblin, Jacob,	
Character of.....	157
Indian experiences of.....	67
Indian preaching of.....	122
Indian respect for.....	45
Hand-cart Company experiences.....	166
Hanson, Julia, Pioneer, experiences of.....	87
Harding, (President) Visit of to south Utah.....	114
Harrisburg, Utah, Pioneer experiences at.....	120
Hatmaking, Toquerville.....	145
Higbee, Lorine Isabel (Lamb).....	99
Higbee, Richard, Pioneer experiences of.....	105
Home life, Rockville.....	97
Homes, Pioneer,	
Santa Clara.....	16, 17, 21, 24, 60, 64, 71, 152, 166
Washington Co.....	31, 42, 49, 52, 90
Hospitality to visitors, Toquerville.....	11
Household furniture, Santa Clara.....	64
Hurricane, Pioneer experiences at.....	98, 130
Indian burial customs.....	2
Indian depredations,	
See Indian experiences.	
Also see Indian troubles	
Indian experiences,	
Nails Valley.....	129
Rockville.....	94
Toquerville.....	105
Virgin City.....	99-100
Indian foot racer, Endurance of.....	55
Indian missionaries to Santa Clara.....	19
Indian Murderers,	
Slaughter of.....	158
Toquerville.....	1c
Indian murders and kidnappings near Vernal.....	6
Indian murders,	
Berry brothers.....	140, 146, 156, 160
Toquerville.....	133
Indian thievery,	
Kanarra.....	140
Lehi.....	128
Santa Clara.....	83, 154
Indian thieves,	
Killing of.....	46, 120
Squaw stoning of.....	14
Indian troubles,	
Clover Valley, Nev.....	21
Harrisburg, Utah.....	120
Mormon Dairy.....	108-109
St. George.....	52
Santa Clara.....	65, 73, 153
Toquerville, Woman and.....	10
Virgin, Utah.....	111

Indians, Canal building by, Santa Clara.....	67
Indians, Child abducted by, St. George.....	31
Indians, Child tortured by, Manti.....	36
Indians, Costumes and habits of.....	44-45
Indians, Fear of,	
Clover Valley, Nevada.....	20
Dixie pioneers.....	44, 52, 169
St. George.....	31
Santa Clara.....	17
Toquerville.....	10, 11, 145
Virgin.....	135
Indians, Friendliness of,	
saved Toquerville man's life.....	2
towards Mormons.....	2, 10
Indians, Marriage custom of, Dixie.....	45
Indians, Mountain Meadow Massacre and,.....	27, 29
Indians, Pursuit of by Lot Smith company.....	11
Irrigation experiences	
Harrisburg.....	120
LaVerkin.....	84-86
Rockville.....	94
Ivins, Anthony, Relation with Indians.....	157
Johnston's Army cattle stampede.....	130
Knight, Mary Josephine, Pioneer reminiscences of.....	19
Kolab Coop Cattle Herd.....	107
Laundry Utensils, Pioneer Dixie.....	43
LaVerkin,	
Canal troubles at.....	84 -86
Pioneer experiences at.....	171
LaVerkin fruit and Nursery Co.....	86
Leather making, Southern Utah.....	164
Lee, John D.,	
Character of.....	27, 108, 116, 157, 162
Execution of.....	172
Liquor making	
Toquerville.....	106
See also wine making.....	
Long Valley, Utah Pioneer experiences in.....	57
Lynching, St. George.....	137, 142
McMullin, David, Pioneer experiences of.....	119
McMullin, Mrs., Pioneer experiences of.....	126
Manti, Pioneer experiences at.....	35
Meat, Scarcity of, St. George.....	31
Mechanic, Toquerville, Excessive charges of.....	3
Medicine, Cough, Toquerville, Utah.....	14
Mesquite Valley, Missionary call to.....	39
Mine explosion victims, Missionaries heal.....	13
Mining, Southern Utah, Fruit prices stimulated by.....	12, 14
Mining town of Silver Reef, Wild life at.....	4
Minstrel show, Virgin.....	137
Moapa Valley, Pioneer experiences at.....	57
Molasses, Barter of for clothing and flour,.....	21
Molasses, Beet, at Toquerville.....	9
Molasses making, Santa Clara.....	154
Mormon Battalion, Celebration for, 1848.....	36-37, 40
Mormon convert experiences, New York and Utah.....	15-16

Mormon Dairy, United Order at.....	108
Mormon missionaries, England, First aid by.....	13
Mountain Meadow Massacre.....	146, 158, 171
Mountain Meadow Massacre, J. D. Lee's part in.....	27
Muddy Valley, Nevada, Pioneer experiences at.....	57
Murder of Toquerville Polygamist by Federals.....	3
Murders, Silver Reef.....	104, 118
Music, Local compositions, St. George.....	33
Music, Santa Clara.....	69.154, 157
Music study by J. T. Beaty of Toquerville.....	4
Musical entertainments, Toquerville.....	145
Mutual Improvement Associations, Rockville.....	48
Naegle, Heber, Pioneer experiences of.....	127
Nauvoo, Ill., Mormon experiences at.....	24
Needlework, Toquerville.....	134
Nut growing, LaVerkin.....	86
Oil wells, Virgin, Utah.....	56
Orchestra music, Santa Clara.....	154, 157
Orderville, United Order at.....	57
Plains, Crossing experiences of immigrants....	59, 80, 151, 165
Pioneer amusements, Santa Clara.....	22, 25, 26
Pioneer travel, Difficulties of,.....	70, 74, 152, 165
Pioneers,	
Cooperation among.....	39
Experiences of.....	28
Vernal, Utah, Suffering of.....	6
Political excitement, 1861.....	159
Political party divisions, Toquerville.....	4
Politics, Washington, Co.,.....	150
Polygamist families, Home life of.....	47, 51, 129, 144
Polygamists,	
Federal raids on.....	2, 12, 47, 51, 58, 149
Federal raids on, Toquerville,.....	3, 12, 104, 134
Federal raids on Virgin City.....	113
Polygamy, Practice of, Southern Utah.....	168
Primary organization of Toquerville.....	1
Quoir, Toquerville.....	5, 10
Rattlesnakes, LaVerkin, Utah.....	85
Reber, Frederick, Pioneer experiences of.....	131
Roadmaking, Cooperative.....	39
Rockville, Pioneer experiences at.....	33, 42, 49, 90
Rockwell Porter,	
Character of.....	122, 130, 157, 161
Description of.....	140, 161
Toquerville visits of.....	11
Round Valley, Arizona, Pioneer experiences at.....	46
St. George Temple dedication.....	30, 40
San Bernardino, Cal., Mormon farms at.....	128
Santa Clara,	
Experiences at.....	165
Flood at, 1861.....	19, 64, 152
Pioneer conditions at.....	16-26, 60, 83, 164
Santa Clara flume building.....	82
Seegmiller, Dan, Murder of.....	162
Sewing school, Toquerville.....	136
School teaching, Virgin City.....	102

School whippings, Santa Clara.....	68
Schoolhouse, Clover Valley, Nevada.....	20
Schooling, Southern Utah.....	45, 154
Schools,	
Harrisburge.....	123
Rockville, Utah.....	90
Santa Clara.....	18, 23, 25, 68
Toquerville.....	27
Sheepman's prosperity and losses at Vernal.....	8
Shingle making,	
Pine Valley.....	136
Southern Utah.....	102
Shoemaking,	
Santa Clara, Pioneer.....	26
Southern Utah.....	164
Toquerville pioneer.....	10
Shoes, Children's lack of.....	17
Shooting contest, Silver Reef.....	4, 103, 118
Sickness, Santa Clara.....	65
Silk making, St. George.....	138, 142
Silkworm raising, Toquerville.....	3, 145
Silver Reef,	
Development of.....	113, 148
Description of.....	141
Duel at.....	148
Experiences at.....	4, 14, 103, 117, 159, 163
Fire at.....	125
Oil claims at.....	56
Ore hauling from.....	125
Ore, Value taken from.....	53
Outlawry at.....	137, 142
Slack, Adelaide Jackson, Pioneer experiences.....	143
Slack, Amelia Theobald, Pioneer experiences of.....	133
Slack, Caroline Lamb, Pioneer experiences of.....	154
Slack, Lorenzo J., Pioneer experiences of.....	146
Slack, Louis, Pioneer experiences of.....	52
Smith, Lot	
Character of.....	108-109, 115-116, 129, 158
Indian trailing by.....	11
Snow, Eliza, Primary of Toquerville organized by.....	1
Snow, Erastus, Toquerville visits of.....	1
Soapmaking, Pioneer, Dixie.....	43, 137
Songs, Composition of local music, St. George.....	33
Spelling bee, Santa Clara.....	22, 63, 179
Spilsbury, Moroni, Pioneer experiences.....	156, 160
Spinning and weaving, Southern Utah.....	15
Sport shooting, Silver Reef miners.....	4
Staheli, John, Pioneer experiences of.....	150
Starvation conditions, Santa Clara.....	166
Stoves, Types of used by Santa Clara pioneers.....	18
Stucki, Barbara Staheli, Experiences of.....	133
Stucki, Christian, Pioneer experiences of.....	83, 165
Sugar, Scarcity of at Santa Clara, 1860.....	17, 18, 22
Swiss colony at Santa Clara.....	59 71
Tannery, Toquerville.....	106
Teachers institute, Salt Lake City.....	4

Temple, St. George,	
Dedication experiences.....	30
Work on.....	76
Temple work, St. George, Beginning of.....	9, 41
Theatrical company, Virgin City.....	102
Theatricals, Southern Utah.....	137 145
Toquerville,	
Entertainments at.....	136
Kane Co. seat.....	143, 147
Orchestra organized at.....	157
Pioneer experiences at.....	9, 27, 104, 133, 143, 147
Pioneer experiences of.....	170
Primary organized by Eliza Snow.....	1
Social life at.....	1
Trading by barter at Toquerville.....	10
Travel, Pioneer Salt Lake to St. George.....	152, 166
United Order,	
Bunkerville, Nevada.....	23
Long Valley.....	57
Rockville.....	47, 51
Santa Clara.....	76, 168
Toquerville.....	12, 106, 144, 147, 159
Virgin City.....	115
Vernal, Utah Pioneer experiences at.....	6
Virgin City,	
Oil Claims in.....	55
Pioneer experiences at.....	28, 99, 110
Wages of quarryman paid in cattle.....	16
Wallace, Hamilton, Experiences of.....	170
Water.....	see drinking water
Weaving, Santa Clara.....	73
Wheat gleanng, Southern Utah.....	18, 153
Whitmore brothers murder, Indians caught.....	109, 111
Windstorm,	
St. George, 1877.....	41
Washington Co., Destruction by.....	30
Wine drinking, Santa Clara.....	69
Wine making and drinking, Toquerville.....	3, 12
Wine making,	
Dixie.....	128
Toquerville.....	134, 144, 150, 159, 160
Virgin City.....	118
Wine trade, Southern Utah.....	16, 149
Wittwer, Samuel, Pioneer experiences of.....	63
Woman,	
Courage of under pioneer conditions.....	7
Fruit handling by, Toquerville.....	14
Women, Farm work done by, Santa Clara.....	17
Women's clothing, Santa Clara, 1861.....	153
Wool spinning and weaving, Santa Clara.....	25
Young, Brigham,	
Advise to Dixie pioneers.....	43
Brotherly love of.....	28, 29, 53
Celebrations for.....	146
Children loved by.....	44
Influence of on St. George pioneers.....	32
Popularity of.....	106, 135, 139, 145, 157
Reception of in Utah town.....	1, 11, 37, 40
St. George Temple dedication by.....	40

Interviews with Living Pioneers

INTERVIEWS WITH LIVING PIONEERS

NAME INDEX

Abbott, Emily.....	24	Brooks, (Mrs.)....	110-115,117,119, 138-140,160
Abbott, Synthia.....	25	Brown, Jane.....	111
Andrus, James.....	1,147	Brown, Neuman.....	46
Andrus, Jim.....	109,121,140,158, 161	Bruff, Bill.....	38
Armstrong, (Mr.).....	58	Bryner, (Bro.).....	106
Ashby, Dick.....	121	Bryner, (Mr.).....	119
Averett, Mary.....	124	Bryner, (Mrs.).....	142
Back, Caroline.....	19	Bunker, (Bishop).....	76,77,167
Bamberger, (Gov.).....	104	Bunker, Edward.....	24,25,26,62
Barbee, (Mr.).....	125	Bunker, Hazel.....	19
Barbee, W. T.....	148	Bunker, June.....	26
Barlow, (Cap.).....	33	Bunker, Mary Josephine Knight...	19
Barris, John.....	121	Bunker, Stephen Albert.....	23,26
Bates, Jed.....	31	Bunker, Stephen Albert Sr.....	23
Baxter, Dave.....	141	Burke, (Miss).....	134
Beacham, Jacob Jr.....	14	Bush, (Mr.).....	56
Beacham, Jacob Sr.....	14	Bussey, (Mr.).....	56
Beacham, Rosina.....	13,14,17		
Beatty, John.....	1,2,5	Canfield, Maratha.....	30
Beatty, John T.....	5	Cannon, David.....	65,126
Beatty, Lena.....	2	Cannon, David H.....	87
Beebee, Loraine.....	102	Cannon, George Q.....	130
Benalla, Daniel.....	64	Carbis, (Mr.).....	142
Bergan, (Mr.).....	68	Chamberlain, (Bro.).....	58
Berry, (Boys).....	160,163	Chandler, Russel.....	66
Berry, (Bros.).....	156,133,140,146	Charlie, (Indian).....	53,55
Berry, William.....	156,160	Clark, (Boys).....	118
Black, Jane.....	43	Clark, (Bros.).....	4,104
Blake, (Bro.).....	76	Clauson, Rone.....	158
Blickenstorfer, Barbara.....	164	Cody, William F. (Buffalo Bill)...	157,160-162
Bliss, (Bro.).....	102	Coombs, (Mr.).....	123
Bodily, Joe.....	5	Cornelius, Mariam Lee.....	27
Bodily, Robert.....	5	Covington, (Bro.).....	58
Boker, Oscar.....	104	Cox, Henderson.....	41
Boker, Spillsbury.....	104	Cox, Isiah.....	31,41
Bonelli, Dan.....	62	Cragun, Maggie.....	35,38,40
Bowen, Ben.....	106	Crawford, W. E.....	34
Brigg, (Bro.).....	120	Crawford, William.....	87,90
Bringhurst, (Bishop).....	1,113 147	Crawford, William R.....	33
Bringhurst, (Bro.).....	11,12,13	Cutler, Martin.....	58
Bringhurst, Mary J.....	9		
Bringhurst, Will.....	5	Dalton, (Mr.).....	3

Interviews with Living Pioneers

Dalton, Alice Ann Langston.....	42
Dalton, Brigham.....	49
Dalton, Edward.....	51
Dalton, Orley.....	46
Davis, Lorine.....	102
Decker, Charles.....	103
Diamond, Johnny.....	148
Dickenson, (Mr.).....	168
Dozett, Majoy.....	157
Draper, Almond.....	89
Duffin, (Family).....	87
Duffin, (Grandpa).....	1,4
Duffin, Isaac.....	108
Duffin, Jim.....	29
Earl, James Calvin.....	55
Earl, Sylvester.....	52,55
Ensign, (Bro.).....	76
Ensign, (Mrs.).....	76
Ensign, Marious.....	62,77
Esplin (Bishop).....	115
Etvchavarry, (Prof).....	88
Etzensperger, Rosina.....	14-19
Everett, (Mr.).....	24
Evert, Elijah.....	147

Finney, (Mrs.).....	134
Forrest, Tom.....	137,142
Forsythe, Barbara.....	108
Forsythe, Thomas.....	147
Fraser, Henry.....	169
Frehner, (Mrs.).....	76
Frei, (Bro.).....	61
Frei, (Mr.).....	76
Frei, Annie.....	59
Frei, Edward.....	62,63,69
Frei, Edward R.....	59,60,62
Frei, Jacob.....	60,61
Frei, Jessie Hafen.....	60
Frei, Marie.....	60
Frei, Mary.....	132
Frei, Rudolph.....	60
Frei, Vivian.....	60,62

Gardner, Will.....	102
Garner, John.....	68
Gibson, Mose.....	149
Gifford, Alpheus.....	89
Gifford, Cornelia.....	33,69
Gifford, Samuel K.....	50
Giles, (Prof.).....	5
Graff, Amanda.....	165
Graff, Anna Barbara.....	64
Graff, Ann Barbara Pollock.....	65

Graff, Arnold.....	68
Graff, Charles.....	170
Graff, George.....	165
Graff, Henry.....	165
Graff, John Jacob.....	62-66
Graff, John Traugett.....	64
Graff, Joseph.....	63
Graff, Lydia Wilhelmena.....	64
Graff, Mina.....	165
Graff, Paul Arnold.....	64
Graff, Samuel.....	64
Graff, Trog.....	76
Graff, Trought.....	169
Graff, Vernon Henry Andrew.....	64
Graff, Walter Alfred.....	64
Grant, Tom.....	55,56
Gregerson, (Bro.).....	104
Gregerson, Andy.....	4
Groves, (Mrs. John D. Lee).....	28
Gubler, Agnes F.....	82
Gubler, Agnes F. H.....	78
Gubler, Alice Otilia.....	78
Gubler, Casper.....	62,76,78,82,83, 167

Gubler, Casper Ensign.....	78
Gubler, Eleanor H.....	78
Gubler, Emil.....	78
Gubler, Harmon.....	63,70,71,76
Gubler, Henry.....	78,86
Gubler, Ida Florence.....	78
Gubler, Jacob.....	78
Gubler, John.....	71-76,84
Gubler, Katherina.....	78,83
Gubler, Magdalena.....	78
Gubler, Mary.....	63,78,169
Gubler, Rose Ann.....	78
Gubler, Salina.....	76,78
Gubler, Samuel Robert.....	78

Hafen, (Bishop).....	62
Hafen, (Bro.).....	76
Hafen, John.....	71
Hafen, John George.....	62
Hafen, Mary.....	71
Hafen, Mary Ann.....	62
Hafen, Rose Ann Gubler.....	78,83
Hague, Joe.....	103
Hall, Alfred Lorenzo.....	87,96,98
Hall, Julia H.....	87,89
Hall, Harvey.....	98
Hall, Roy.....	97
Hammond, (Bro.).....	1
Hamblin, Jacob.....	17,19,20,45,52,

Interviews with Living Pioneers

59,64,65,67,116,122,140 152,154,157,162-164	Judd, Sam,.....85-87
Hanson, Amy,.....88	Judd, Thomas,.....169
Hanson, Andrew,.....88	Judd, Zedick,.....62
Hanson, Lafayayette.....89	Keller, John,.....166
Hanson, Nelson,.....88	Kemple, John,.....113,117,125
Hanson, Sarah,.....89	Kepple, Mary L.,.....127
Hanson, William,.....88	Kleinman, (Mr.),.....119
Harding, (Pres.),.....104,114	Knight, Mary J.,.....26
Hardy, Agustis P.,.....19,100	Knight, Sam,.....169
Hardy, Gus,.....137,142,146	Knight, Samuel,.....19,20,21
Hardy, Will,.....87	
Harris, Moses,.....120	Lamb, (Grandpa),.....4
Hartman, Wilma,.....119,126	Lamb, Erigham,.....102
Haskel, Thales,.....137	Lamb, Caddie,.....102
Hatch, Irie,.....137	Lamb, Edwin,.....144
Higbee, (family),.....85	Lamb, Edwin R.,.....99,105,134,138
Higbee, (Mrs.),.....110-114 117,119,138,142	Lamb, Elizabeth Hardy,.....99,134
Higbee, (Sis.),.....106	Lamb, Helena,.....102
Higbee, Edwin,.....100	Lamb, Lorry,.....134
Higbee, Isaac,.....100,101	Lamb, Tony,.....135
Higbee, John H.,.....105,107	Lambe, Bill,.....108
Hildebrand, Charlie,.....132	Lang, Anna Marie,.....131
Hinston, Atkin,.....87	Lang, William,.....5
Hirsch, (Sis.),.....92	Langston, Frank,.....150
Holihan, Pat,.....56	Langston, John,.....90
Holt, (Mrs.),.....67	Langston, William,.....46
Houg, Henry,.....166	Laser, (Mr.),.....3
Howard, Charlie,.....160	Law, Joe,.....68
Humphreys, Bell,.....108	Leavitt, (Bro.),.....60
Hunt, Bradford,.....20	Leavitt, Lemuel,.....83
	Le Baron, (Bro.),.....99
Isom, (Sis.),.....138	Le Baron, (Sis.),.....99
Isom, Alice,.....102	Lee, John,.....71
Isom, John,.....150	Lee, John D.,.....27,30,81,108,116 130,136,141,157,161,162,172
Evans, Tony,.....157,160	Lee, John, H.,.....104
	Lee, Rass,.....107
Jackson, (Mrs.),.....119	Lund, (Mr.),.....59,86,118
Jackson, James,.....143-146	Lund, Wooley,.....3
Jackson, Jim,.....159	Lyman, (Apostle),.....11
Jacobs, Chris,.....136	Lyman, Amasa,.....119
Jenning, (family),.....97	M
Jennings, Cyrus,.....89	McAlister, John D.,.....5
Jepson, Jim,.....110,150	McArthur, Daniel D.,.....126
Johnson, (Mr.),.....7	McCleave, Joe,.....121,125
Jones, George,.....87	McCleave, John,.....125
Judd, (Bro.),.....64-87,171	McConnel, (Indian),.....123
Judd, (Mr.),.....118	McConnel, Lafa,.....159
Judd, Eliza,.....85	McFarlane, (Mr.),.....147

Interviews with Living Pioneers

MacFarlane, Isaac.....	150
McGreary, (Mr.).....	58
McGreary, Jim.....	104,148,149
McIntyre, (Mr.).....	133
McIntire, Joe.....	32
McKinley, (Pres.).....	104,113
McMullin, David.....	119,126
McMullin, David (Mrs.).....	126
McMullin, Will.....	121
McQuary, Bob.....	125
Mangham, Will.....	123
Mansfield, Ef.....	160
Martin, John.....	142
Mathews, (Mr.).....	28
May, Ormas.....	55
McInich, (Indian).....	14
Moody, Will.....	14
Morris, Dave.....	86,169
Mueller, Henry.....	14,16,17,18
Naegle, (Mr.).....	118
Naegle, George.....	100
Naegle, Heber.....	127
Naegle, John.....	149
Naegle, John C.,.....	127,128,130
Naegle, John G.,.....	150
Naegle, Louise.....	127-129
Nageli, Mararaitta.....	60
Nail, (Mr.).....	157
Nebeker, Ash.....	2,134,157
Nebeker, John.....	11,143
Nebeker, Lizzie.....	134
Nuchly, Barvara.....	168
"Old Nogits" (Chief).....	2
Olson, Mary.....	63
Olsen, Peter.....	42
"One Eye" (Indian).....	2,10,101
Orton, (Bro.).....	18
Palmer, Noah.....	68
Pane, (Sis.).....	114
Parker, (Mr.).....	112
Parker, Caroline R.,.....	126
Parker, John.....	112
Parkingson, Sarah.....	9
Parson, Mary Elizabeth.....	55
Peck, (Daddy).....	5
Pectol, Jim.....	84,86,87
Pickett, (Indian).....	100,101

Pickett, Jennie (Indian)....	100,101
Pierce, John.....	100
Piper, George.....	5
Polles, Ab.,.....	4
Pollock, Ann Barbara.....	63
Polluck, Barbara Graff.....	71
Polluck, Jake.....	71
Prince, Dick.....	6
Prince, Frank.....	6
Prince, George.....	6
Prince, Joe.....	6
Prince, William.....	6
Ray, Maria H.....	76
Reber, Freda.....	132
Reber, Frederick.....	131,132
Reber, Fritz.....	60
Reber, Emma.....	132
Reber, Ernest.....	132
Reber, Jennette.....	132
Reber, John.....	131,132
Reber, Lena.....	60,132
Reber, Leo Frei.....	132
Reber, Liza.....	69
Reber, Margaret.....	132
Reber, Mary.....	132,168
Reber, Orson.....	132
Reber, Paula.....	132
Reber, Rhoda.....	132
Reber, Sam.....	131
Reid, H. L.,.....	38
Richards, Martha.....	125
Riding, Taylor.....	32
Robertson, (Bro.).....	58
Rockwell, Porter.....	11,116,122
130,140,157,158,161,163	
Roe, (Mr.).....	86
Romney, (Bro.).....	31
Roosevelt.....	160
Roundy, (Mr.).....	157,162
Roundy, (Mrs.).....	162
Roundy, Cole.....	103
Ruesh, John J.,.....	5
Rundel, Harriet.....	13,14
Sanders, (family).....	87
Sanders, John.....	87
Sanders, Will.....	87
Savage, (Aunt).....	1
Savage, (Mr.).....	142

Interviews with Living Pioneers

Savage, Levi.....	112,113,139	Stapley, Tom.....	9
Savage, Mary Ann.....	139	Steele, (Bro.).....	148
Savage, Will.....	87	Steele, Hone.....	158
Seegmiller, (Mrs.).....	157	Stettler, Magdalena.....	165
Seegmiller, Dan.....	162	Stewart, (Mr.).....	4
Shaffer, (Bro.).....	7	Stirling, Wallis.....	121
Slack, (family).....	4	Stocks, Mary.....	45
Slack, (Mr.).....	138,141	Stout, (Bro.).....	87
Slack, (Mrs.).....	118,138-140	Stout, Alfred F.....	34
Slack, Adelaide J.....	143	Stout, David.....	91
Slack, Caroline Lamb.....	134	Stringham, (Bro.).....	7
Slack, Eliza Ann.....	146	Stucki, Christian.....	63,83,84,165
Slack, Jenny.....	139	Stucki, Edward.....	165
Slack, Lorenzo Jefferies.....	146,150	Stucki, John S.....	62,166,167
Slack, Louise.....	52,84,86,105,127,146,156,170	Stucki, Mary Ann.....	166,169,170
Slack, Louise T.....	133	Stucki, Rosina.....	165,166
Slack, Martin.....	108,146,148,149,150	Stucki, Samuel.....	62,83,165-170
Smith, (Bishop).....	93,111	Taylor, Allen.....	120
Smith, George A.....	115	Taylor, John.....	53
Smith, Joseph.....	1,28,55,122,127,129,148,158,161	Terry, Charrissa.....	92
Smith, Lot.....	11,108,115,116,122,129,148,158,161	Terry, Nelson.....	89
Snow, Edward H.....	110	Theobald, George.....	133
Snow, Eliza.....	1	Theobald, William.....	133
Snow, Erastus.....	1,39,53,58,63,106,115,136,145,149,157	Thornton, (Mr.).....	51
Sox, Henrietta.....	91	Thurston, (family).....	31
Spillsbury, (Bro.).....	136,149	Tinny, Ammon.....	114
Spillsbury, (Mr.).....	119	Tobler, (Bro.).....	76
Spillsbury, Al.....	114,158	Tobler, Barbara.....	155
Spillsbury, George.....	108	Tobler, Bertha.....	63
Spillsbury, Moroni.....	156	Tobler, Jacob.....	155
Spillsbury, Roan.....	114,160	"To Weep" (Indian).....	2
Staheli, George.....	151,154,155,163,164	Truby, Jack.....	148
Staheli, John.....	150,165	Victoria, (Queen).....	127
Staheli, Sophia.....	151,152,154,163,164	Wade, (Col.).....	103
Stahely, John.....	163	Walker, Lizzy.....	63
Stapley, Bob.....	2,3	Wall, (Col.).....	103,114
Stapley, Charles Jr.....	9,10,11	Wallace, (family).....	85
Stapley, Charlie.....	10,108	Wallace, Hamilton.....	170
Stapley, Sarah Parkinson.....	10,11,13	Webb, Katie.....	19,23,26,62,63,69,70,77,84,105,132,155,165,170
		Wells, Heber M.....	150
		Whitehead, (Bro.).....	8
		Whitehead, A. R.....	169
		Whitmore, (Bro.).....	1,111
		Whittwer, (Mrs.).....	76

Interviews with Living Pioneers

Wittwer, Samuel.....	63
Wilcox, (Mr.).....	56
Willis, (Bishop).....	105, 112, 139 147
Willis, (Sis.).....	11
Willis, Tom.....	136, 149
Willis, Tommy.....	105
Wilson, (family).....	87
Wilson, Agnes.....	60
Wilson, Bob.....	67, 68
Winder, John A.,.....	34
Wintsch, Madeline.....	15
Woodbury, (Mrs.).....	142
Woodruff, Wilford.....	124
Woodward, (Mr.).....	20
Wooley, (Mr.)	118
Wright, Bill.....	108
Wright, Ella.....	97
Wright, Marcelus.....	87
Wright, Tom.....	107, 147
Young, Brigham.....	1, 9, 11, 16, 26, 29, 30-32, 36, 37, 40-43, 53, 55, 59, 64, 70, 77, 82, 90, 94, 99, 106, 110, 114, 115, 122, 128, 130, 135, 138, 139, 140, 143, 144, 145, 147, 151, 152, 154, 157, 161, 162, 172
Young, John W.,.....	147

I am the son of John Beatty who came to Toquerville direct from England in 1862. When father first came here he farmed, afterward he was a merchant and post master.

Remember Brigham Young Very well. When he came to Toquerville at the time when he dedicated the St. George Temple they lined the children up on each side of the street to welcome him with singing. I remember Eliza Snow. I was present the day she organized the primary in Toquerville. I was appointed an officer in the primary. Auntie Savage was president and Aunt Louisa one of the counselors. She let every child there hold her gold watch and told us how the prophet Joseph Smith gave it to her just before he was killed.

Erastus Snow always stayed at grandpa Duffin's home as he was a dear friend of grandfathers and grandfather was a bishops counselor. One thing I remember about him was he always liked to sleep late in the morning.

Father had controlling interest in the coop store here until it broke up and was moved to Leeds.

I knew Jim Andrus very well. He was a rough diamonds. He had a good heart but he was a rough speaking man.

We used to have fine celebrations here on the fourth and twenty fourth. He always chose Brother Hammond as marshal of the day. He was a soldier who came with Johnson's army and he knew just how to do. He was as straight as an arrow. Many times I was his aide. I'd get him the best looking horse I could to ride. We would have a big parade and have floats. Every one did the best they knew how. We would get the Indians to parade with us and in the afternoon they would run races with us.

When Whitmore was killed father and bishop Brighurst were with the party

that went after the Indians. They followed them as far as Green river but they could not find them. At Green River they had to kill their pack horse and eat to save their lives.

The Indians used to have strange customs. They thought when an Indian died they would have to kill his horse and dog and bury everything he needed so he would have them in the next world. I saw them kill a good horse and bury him with his saddle and all his belongings with an Indian who had frozen. At one time two Indians were quarreling as they left the reef. They had been drinking and one fell off his horse and was killed. For some cause or another the other Indian "Old Nogits" was his name was blamed by the Indians and they intended to kill Nogits daughter to be the slain Indian's squaw. An old Indian named "One Eye" was to do the killing. Ash Nebeker and Bod Stapley went to prevent the killing. Ash could speak the Indian's language. When they got there old One Eye was smothering the squaw in a blanket. They had a long talk and at the end of the Pow-wow they released the squaw also. I have never heard of them attempting such a practice around here. The Indians were hard to make understand but their only way to be safe was to win their friendship. I remember once my boy Johnny and a lot of other little boys were playing with sling shots and an Indian papoose was hit. The youngsters came running to me and in a few minutes here came five Indians claiming we were trying to kill their papoose. I had a hard time to keep them from violence. You could not let them know you were frightened of them. The next day when the papooses came for food I had Lena make them all a sandwich. After that they were all right and I never had any more trouble. It was cheaper to feed the Indians than fight them. I owe my life to an Indian named ToWeep. I was out in Hurricane Valley and my horse gave out. I was almost choked to death and I hadn't any idea where to look for water. This Indian rode up and took me

to a place where by digging down in the gravel we found a little spring and drank and watered our horses and camped. We slept that night side by side and came home the next day. To Weep Valley named for him. He was a fine little Indian.

During the polygamist raids the men on the underground had many exciting experiences. The house I live in has three good hiding places that were made for that purpose. One leads to the cellar, one under the floor but the best one is a set of hinged steps that were covered with rag carpet and opened under the floor. One man Dalton was his name was shot by Federal officers and killed. He left two families of little children and the ones who shot him were never punished at all to my knowledge. I think the officers were sent to arrest him and were afraid to do it. He was a big active young man and a fighter. He could have liked the officers without half trying and they were afraid of him. They shot him in the back as he was crossing a field.

I never raised cotton but I bought some stock in the cotton mill from Bob Stapley. Tom Judd was running it at that time. Something went wrong with the machinery once and we could not get it started. They got an old man named Laser who lived in St. George to fix it. He made it run all right and charged them \$25.25 for the job. They asked him what the 25¢ was for and he said, "Oh that was for the work, the twenty five dollars was for knowing what was wrong." He fixed a safe for Wooley Lund and Judd once and they thought his bill too high so he undid his job and wouldn't fix it again and they had to take the safe clear to Salt Lake to get it fixed.

My mother raised silk worms and I have spent many a day gathering leaves to feed them. They didn't do very well and we soon quit. There was lots of wine made in Toquerville some of it a very fine product and there was lots of drinking. I remember taking some good seven year old Nails

to Salt Lake to a teachers institute once. Well it wasn't long until the preachers were all propheding.

We Beattys and the Slacks were about the only republicans in Toquerville when the state first divided into party lines. We finally became the predominating party here and have been every since. Party feeling was bitter in the early days. There was lots of drinking and I guess that one reason they used to get so excited over politics and horse racing.

I worked in Silver Reef. I drove a team for Andy Gregerson from the California mine to the Christy Mill hauling ore. One year I hauled cord wood for \$8 a cord store pay. I hauled lumber for three years to Silver Reef. It was a wild town. I was there to a big circus one day when a fight started and a man named Stewart hit Ab. Polles over the head with a stool and killed him. One night there was a quarrell in Chinatown and someone put out the lights. When the shooting was over the two Clark brothers were dead and it was thought that one of them had killed his own brother by mistake in the dark.

Those miners liked to shoot but some of them were poor shots. I used to sell pigeons for 25¢ a pair to the reefers. They would throw them up in the air and shoot at them. Most of them got away and were back home the next morning. They used to put a chickens head through a board and shoot at it. The first one to draw blood won the chicken. They spent their money freely. Grandfather Duffin had a big flower garden and raised beautiful roses. He used to sell them to people from the reef for twenty five cents a little handful.

I have always loved music and singing. I first started singing when I was eleven years old. I stood between my mother and grandma Lamb

and sang alto in the choir. I took my first music lessons from an old man we called old daddy Peck. When I was in Salt Lake later I got to study under Professor Giles and George Piper.

When William Lang moved to Arizona at the time of the big move father took his place and led the choir. After father quit I led the choir for many years. John J. Ruesh and Will Bringham helped out at times. I was choir leader when we took the prize at St. George.

I never lived in polygamy altho I have been married twice. I always felt that I married young because of the teachings of John D. McAlister who was a strong advocate of early marriages. I am the father of twenty children fifteen are living today. I have taught school six years and have taught music, filled one two year mission and three stake missions. I have held many offices in church and town, nearly every office except bishop. I was mutual president 17 years and superintendent nine years and bishops counselor many years.

Robert Bodily

I was born in Elgand and raised in Africa. I was about seventeen when I came here. We joined the church in Africa, in 1857. I came down here to St. George, in 1925, in October of that year. I lived in Vernal before that. Vernal was a frontier town; I have been on the frontier all my life. I have been keeping track of all the interesting things that happened then in my journal. My son Joe has the journal now. There was no school there so I don't know anything about grammar.

I never lived in the United Order. We went from England when I was two years old and went to Africa in 1846, where we stayed until 1860. We were in the southern part of Africa. We started on the 23 day of March, 1860, and arrived in Salt Lake City on the fifth day of

October. The trip took us all summer. Joe Prince's folks were in the outfit, Frank, George, William, and Dick. I went up into Cache Valley. It was early in the fall of 1879 when I first moved out to Vernal.

The indians killed the men and kidnapped the white women. They were the Uray Indians, we also lived close to the White Rock Indians. I was in the Indian War in 1866. We had no engagements but we were out after the Indians. They made a raid in the settlements and we went out after them.

My father was a polygamist, he had two wives. Inaver did because I always thought like this that I ought to provide well for one wife. My wife speaks highly of the United Order. She thinks it was mighty fine.

We farmed up at Vernal. There is some of the best country in Utah. I have seen some pretty hard times. We went to Vernal just after a massacre and the man who had charge of the valley ordered us to move down about four miles below but I told him I thought we would be safe and that the indians wouldn't bother us in the winter so he let us stay there. We had Sunday School in a private house there. We put in an awful cold winter. The cattle would lay down and freeze to death. There was no feed because lots of people had gone in there and didn't take stuff enough. I had plenty but I couldn't eat bread and let the others go hungry. There was a big snow bank all around us. A Young fellow that wintered with me that winter went out with a bunch of other fellows to Rock Springs, one hundred miles from there. It took them a long time to make the trip because they had to go so slow.

One morning my wife said, "What shall we do for bread, the flour is gone?" I told her we would have to do without but that day a fellow

drove up with six hundred of flour. It had come when they were all hungry.

Brother Stringham, Brother Shaffer and I dug out our four miles of ditch with a pick and shovel. All we had was a little graham, bread but we got it out and ate it. The worst trial I ever had was when I went to Water. There was so many little hills and hollows and we would turn the water on the land and in a little while it would be wasy down deep in the hollows. I was sitting with my feet in one of these hollows when I heard something behind me. It was my wife. She asked me what was the matter and I told her nothing was the matter. She insisted that she knew there was something wrong so I told her to look at that water. I said, "I have been working and almost starving and it looks like we could not make a living here." She told me not to get discouraged because things wouldn't always be that way. You know, that right then I appreciated what a good woman was. I went at it again but the water continued to run in all the low places. I went back in a few days and the wheat was coming up so I felt a little better. It proved to be the very best kind of ground.

We were so poor. We had plowed and put in corn but we had had to scratch a little furrow along and drop corn in it and cover it up the best we could. But that was the best corn I ever saw. It didn't grow very high but there was lots of corn. In the fall I had forty-five bushels of wheat off just a little piece of ground. In the spring one of my neighbors came to me. He was an old man but he said he had come for advice. I asked what it was. He said that he had been working for Mr. Johnson. His own cows had died and then one of his horses died.

"Well," I said, "Why don't you go to work on your own quarter?"

He told me then that he had no grain and only one harness. I said that I had a pony that would carry the harness and for him to take that pony and it would help some. I also said I would give him part of my wheat and get some more for him to put on his own land. I advised him to put in all the potatoes and corn that he had. He did as I had told him to and that old man came out fine and had plenty that winter. He never forgot it. I have seen the tears come in his eyes when he talked about it. We had to help one another or people would have starved to death, but we didn't starve. My wife's father was promised that if they paid the tithing we would never want for bread and we never did although it was kind of scarce. Things got better and better and I think that is one of the best countries in the state.

After awhile I got quite well off. I ran sheep and I got so our outfit run into the six figures. I had five thousand sheep of my own and sheep run up to twenty dollars a head. Then, you see, I turned them over to the boys and told them that now was the time to sell their sheep but the boys didn't like to sell sheep because they had a good range. There was poor feed that winter, no rain to speak of and nothing for sheep. I had twenty-five thousand dollars, six thousand of that was in the Gunnison Sugar Factory and I got about twenty cents on the dollar. I had three thousand in a canning plant, three thousand in a creamery. My twenty-five thousand dollars went up and wasn't worth the paper it was on.

My wife took the flu and was awful bad and I got shot through the lungs and out my back. Then I lost my wife and I thought that nothing mattered much. I thought I would come down here in this part of the country to the soldiers' home, I got a pension. But when I got here Brother Whitehead was so good to me, he took me in and took care

of me and here I am and here I'll stay. I want to tell you here have been the happiest days of my life, here in St. George. I have done work for other people, over two thousand of them, and I don't know of more pleasing work than to be of service to your fellow men. I could not have lived in a soldiers' home. I never could be bound down or hired out. I always was my own boss.

MARY J. BRINGHURST

I am the daughter of Charles Stapley Jr. and Sarah Parkinson. My father and mother were born in England. From England they went to Australia. There they heard the gospel preached and decided to come to Utah. They arrived in California in 1853. They were married in 1854. In the fall of fifty seven they came to Cedar City.

Brigham Young would not allow them to go farther north as he was colonizing in the south at that time. My parents were called to settle in Toquerville. My grandfather was the fourth man with his family to settle in Toquerville, and my father and mother the fifth family to settle here. I am the oldest person living who was born in Toquerville.

When my people first came here they were very poor. They had to make the lines for their teams out of factory. At one time my mother took the wagon cover they had used when coming from California, dyed it and made dresses for her children.

Our first home in Toquerville was made of logs with a dirt floor and roof. The first church was also a log building with dirt floor and roof. My father has danced barefoot in it. My uncle Tom Stapley was the fiddler.

We used to raise beets and made beet molasses for a sweet. Also on special occasions we had vinegar pies. We baked them like you do cream pies with one crust. The filling was made of vinegar, beet molasses and

flour. They were good too.

My people had seven children born here.

In the early days you could live without cash. You raided things yourself or traded for things you needed. Mother sold some soldiers who were passing through here some butter for seventy five cents. That was all the cash we had for two and one half years.

My father made all the shoes for his family. He wathhed a shoemaker make a pair of shoes and then bought an outfit and brought it home. After that he made all of our shoes.

Father was bishop counselor for thartry five years. He was a good singer and led the first choir in Toquerville.

In the old days we were always afraid of the Indians. Father was even tempered and would always feed the Indians and generally they liked him well. Father used to stand guard at night when they were bad. When we first came here we used to raise cotton. Father used to hire one Indian to work for him. He worked for us so much that they called him Charlie Stapley. He used to help us pick cotton when father was away he would leave him in charge. He would scold if we did not work fast enough. He could pick about three rows to my one .

One old Indian named One Eye came to mothers one day when father was away down LaVerkin creek gathering wood. He had a pistol and threatened to kill all mother's babies. Mother was so frightened that she grabbed the pistol and twisted it out of his hands. Where she got her strenght she never knew but she alway believed the Lord helped her. When she got the pistol she told Old One Eye to go away because he wasn't a good Indian. Days after he came back and wanted to be for given as he was afraid he would be punished. Ever after whenever One Eye came to our house he always praised Mother for being so brave as he said he would hav killed

them all if she had not have been.

We raised cotton until the mill at Washington closed. The first gin house belonged to John Nebeker. Before that we had to pick the seeds out of the cotton by hand and card and spin and weave it. Mother could card and spin. Mother never wove but Sister Willis had a loom also. Sister Savage could weave. The people also made the thread they used to sew with. 171 Father was very hospitable. He never would turn a stranger from his door for fear that he might turn away an angel unawares. I remember he took a stranger in one who he was afraid of. He was such a tough looking and acting person. So father gave him the front room to sleep in and then after he was asleep he locked him in for the night.

We were always afraid of the Navaho's who came to trade blankets for ponies. Especially if you had a mule they wanted to trade.

When Brigham Young came we always went out to meet and welcome him. I remember Apostle Lyman would come this way to hold fast meeting which was held in those days on Thursday and then go on to Conference on Sunday

Porter Rockwell was a fine man and stayed at our home lots of times. He was interest in the country and the people and told us what the conditions were in other part of the country. He was a Scout sent ahead and around to fine out conditions.

Brother Bringhurst, my husband, served in Lot Smith's company for ninety days, but that was in norther Utah. Brother Bringhurst admired him greatly and always considered him a fine, brave, courageous man. At one time he and fifty others were out hunting some Indians. This was while he was in Lot Smith's company. They were eight days without food except for berries, a cub bear, and a horse they killed. They even had to eat their meat without salt. After that Brother Bringhurst could not bear to see a bit of food wasted.

Brother Bringhurst father was called to the southern mission and as his father was getting old he took his place. He owned the first store in Toquerville. Before that he used to take cotton north and trade supplies.

I never went to Silver Reed, but once. Father was very strict with children and would not allow us to go there. The opening of the reef brought up the price of fine fruits. I remember we used to sell strawberries to people who came from the reef to spend Sunday in Toquerville for fifty cents a quart.

I was a third wife. Brother Bringhurst was not able to stay home for a long time during the raids. Once when I was living with fathers they came there to search the house. Father took them all through. They asked if there was an upstairs so father took them all through that. Just as they were leaving father said, "There is also a cellar have you forgotten that." So he made them go down through a trap door and search the cellar.

Some one told the officers that Brother Bringhurst always came home at daylight to water the mules. That was when I was living by myself so the officers laid in wait for him. Just after I went to bed they broke in my kitchen. I called from the bedroom, "Who is there?" No one answered, but I heard one say, "She isn't far away, because she has mixed bread." Then they went out and across the road and waited in the Relief Society Hall till about daylight. They arrested Brother Bringhurst just as he was finishing watering the mules while he was still in the corral.

When Toquerville was in the United Order we never all lived and ate in one house like they did in Orderville, but the women would get together and have quilting bees and sewing bees.

My father used to make wine to sell but he never broke the law which was that you couldn't sell less than five gallon lots at a time. When the time came when wine making was condemned by the authorities,

my father and brother Bringhurst dug up their vineyards as the head of the church commanded them to do.

My father and mother and my own home were successful even in this hard country because mother and father were always united and I always tried to follow their example in my own home.

INTERESTING INSTANCES IN THE LIVES OF MY HUSBANDS PARENTS

Told by Rosina Beacham

My husbands father was Jacob Beacham. He was born in England Sept. 1829. He was a coal miner by trade. My husbands mother was Harriet Rundel. She was born Sept. 23, 1829 in Wales. They were both orphans. They joined the L.D.S. Church in England. Married in 1850.

One day Jacob Beacham was working in a coal mine, and there was an explosion. He was badly burned from his waist up. They sent for the L.D.S. Elders. The elders washed him in salt water and dressed him in consecrated Olive Oil and cotton. The people thought the elders would kill him and said if he died that they would kill the elders.

All of his skin came off above his waist even his finger nails, but he got well, and didn't even have a scar. He was bandaged up with just a hole for his mouth and eyes.

They came to Pennsylvania in 1855. They were on the ocean six weeks. They both got work there and saved up their money. They came to Salt Lake in 1860. They brought two pair of oxen and one cow with them. Sister Beacham brought a clock and a Charter Oak stove with her. The clock was used for a long time after she died and stove is still in use. They settled in St. George where they volunteered to come to. They had five children and lost two. Four of their children were born in a wagon box. Later they built a one room house. He then got work at the

Silver Reef mine and was able to build a larger house.

While working at the mine his wife would haul loads of fruit over the mine and sell it. She also made a trip to Salt Lake while my husband was a baby of two years old. Her boy Jacob Beacham (My husband also worked at the Silver Reef mine. He worked at the Apex mine where he got copper poisoning and almost lost his eyesight. Later he worked at the mill on the Virgin River and at the smelter in St. George. One day my husband went to the Wooley-Lung Judd store to get a vest to go to Conference in. He couldn't get one to fit. Later they charged him up for a \$25 suit and held it out of the money he had earned at the mine. We used sweet balsam for cough medicine, and also used pigweeds and Mountain Rush (Brigham Tea).

One day a group of boys saw an Indian squaw come out of my husband mother's house with some flour which she had stolen. The boys started chasing her and throwing rocks at her. Will Moody hit her on the head with a rock. A few days later her husband an Indian named Moinich came. He was very angry and wanted Mr. Beacham to give him her boy Jacob for the pay. He said that Jacob was the boy who had hit his squaw. Mrs. Beacham was rolling out bread and the Indian raised hand up like he was going to hit her. She hit him with the rolling pin broke his arm. He began yelling, "Go fight the soldiers, go fight the soldiers."

Later Jacob told him that it was Will Moody who had hit his squaw. The Indian and Jacob were good friends after that.

LIFE STORY OF ROSINA BEACHAM

My father, Henry Mueller was born in Sack, Zumikon, Switzerland Jan 1819. He died Nov. 23, 1896. My mother Rosina Etzensperger was born Oct.

9, 1829 at (Kt) county Rutschmeil Zurich, S witzerland. She died May 5, 1909.

My father was a widower when he married my mother. His first wife was Madeline Wintsch. He had two children by her. He lost the two children and his wife. He married my mother in 1855, and had three boys and one girl. They lost the three boys.

Father was a silk weaver by trade in the Old Country. He had to fix very fine silk thread on the loom by hand. He would fix the looms for the entire community.

My parents joined the L.D.S. Church in Switzerland. They left Switzerland in 1860 and were on the ocean for six weeks. They stayed in New York over the winter. The Civil War was on and they couldn't come on through. They didn't know the English language, and had no friends. Everything was strange to them. Father left one day to look for work. He crossed the river to Williamsburg. He didn't get home that night and mother was very worried and frightened. He got home the next day. They both got jobs in New York with the silk looms.

Mother got a little book showing the meaning of the Swiss and English words. It had stories and poems in it. By studying this book she was able to learn the English language. My mother was the only one of her family who joined the L.D.S. Church. Her mother was very much opposed to her joining.

My parents went to Salt Lake from New York. From Salt Lake they came to Santa Clara in 1861. Mother walked all the way from New York to Salt Lake except for two half days. They brought a loom and a spinning wheel with them and made clothes for us. They dyed the clothes with dock weed roots and evergreens. Mother showed many others how to use the loom and spinning wheel.

Father paid 50 gallons of wine towards his emigration fund. They were called by Brigham Young to come to Santa Clara.

Father made a good dugout, and three children were born in it. The roof was made by tying willows in bundles and laying them across the stringers, and then putting dirt on top. Later father built a one room adobe house. It had one window and one door. The door was made in one piece from lumber from the Pine Valley Mountain. We also have two trunks made from this native lumber; the sides, bottom and tops being made in one piece. This one room house that Father built is still standing and I am still using it for my kitchen.

My father had a beautiful large house in Switzerland. The inside was not plastered but was all woodwork. Mother brought a few utensils, with her such as pots and kettles and flat irons from New York. Mother brought home cloth from the Old Country (linen) and used it to make clothes with.

They gave most of their things away in the Old Country. They did not care for sacrifices just so they could get here.

I was the second child and was born in the dugout that father made. I was born April 28, 1866. We had no furniture except what we could make.

Mother had child bed fever, and I remember her saying that the mice were very bad while she was so sick. Father made very good willow baskets and took them to Pinto, New Harmony and Cedar and traded them for flour and potatoes.

My father helped quarry the rock for the house of Jacob Hamblin. In return for his work they gave him cattle. He had no feed for the cattle so he turned them out. He lost all of them and although he hunted for them he could not find them.

We would take our bread and put it in hot water and make a stew out of it. When father went to hunt for his cattle he took a sack of bread and a can to make the stew in.

We had no lard and no sugar. Sometimes we would buy a lb. of sugar for 20¢.

We had lived in the dug out for six years when father built the one room house. This house is 12 ft. by 14 ft. and later on another room was added to it.

My mother was very frightened of the Indians. Once when she was going to the field to work she saw some Indians coming. Before they got to her she threw her bread, that she had for her lunch, to them. She had to work all day without any lunch.

My father had one acre of land in the St. George field. He and mother spaded it and planted it.

I was with my father once and he sent me to get a bucket of water. I went a ways and I heard the water roaring the the St. George ditch. I was so afraid of the Indians that I was afraid to go any farther. So I went back and told father that there were Indians over there. He said there were no Indians there, and sent me back. I went a ways father and was so frightened that I went back to father again. He made me go back again and get the water.

When we went to work in the fields, we would take a little chunk of bread. We would sit by the ditch and dip the bread in the water for our lunch.

Father was cutting some grain up to three mile and he stayed up there. I would walk up and help him and walk back at night. I had no shoes so had to go barefooted. I got so tired that I sat down in the

road and cried. I was 16 years old before I had a pair of shoes. Then they were too large for me. Brother Orton made them for me. It took us three weeks to sickle the grain at Three Mile.

When I was 8 years old I gleaned four bushels of clean grain, besides that we fed the chickens. I would glean from daylight till dark with hardly anything to eat. When I was born we didn't have a cow and I was raised on goats milk. I went to school and had a primer and a first reader. I finished the fifth year. They didn't have grades then. I had to quit because mother was sick. Most of my schooling I got in the "School of Hard Knocks."

My father made an oven out of rocks. He would get up early and build a fire in it. When it had burned down he would push the coals to the back and put the bread in. Then shut the door. He would turn the bread around once. The heat of the coals and the hot rocks would bake the bread. Father made a ladle out of a board about 14 or 16 inches in diameter. It was round and had a handle. We would mix a batter out of flour and cream, put some salt and chopped onions in it and an egg. We would put this on the ladle and slip it off into the oven. It made a very good cake.

We never had sugar on the table until I was 21 years old.

Father would gather brush for wood. He would tie it in bundles and pile it up in ricks. Some of the girls would come and tip it over to make father angry. He would chase them. One Christmas day the girls came and asked father to forgive them. He forgave them and treated them on wine.

When I was eight years old we got our first little stove. It was called a step stove. I wanted to light the fires in it all the time. We got it about the time the St. George Temple was finished.

One day I went to get some milk in the cellar. There was a big snake there eating the cream off from the milk. I was very frightened and ran back and told mother. Mother wouldn't believe that there was a snake and sent me back again. I was certainly frightened of Indians and snakes.

I married Jacob Beacham in the S t. George Temple Mar. 17, 1887. I was then 21 years of age. We had no children, although we spent every dollar we could get on medicine and doctors bills.

Our people did not complain of the hardships they had to go through. They were glad to get to this country and live under the influence of the L.D.S.Church.

Collected by Katie Webb

PIONEER REMINISCENCES OF MARY JOSEPHINE KNIGHT BUNKER.

By Hazel Bunker

I was born in Prove, Utah, October 8th, 1859. My father and mother had been living in Santa Clara and as soon as my mother was able we journeyed back to that place. My father, Samuel Knight, came into Utah in the fall of 1847 and later, in 1854, was sent to southern Utah as a missionary to the Indians. He and three other missionaries, Jacob Hamblin, Agustis P. Hardy, and Thales Haskel, were the first white settlers on the Santa Clara. My mother, Caroline Back, joined the Church in Denmark and came to Utah about 1850, or 1854.

When I was about two years old a big flood came down the Santa Clara Creek. Though I can remember nothing of it, I remember hearing my parents and others talk about it. It began to rain on New

Year's Day. The water came up to our house one night while we were all asleep. Neighbors tied ropes to fence posts and helped us out and as many of our things as they could out. We moved up into Jacob Hamblin's house, a large red-rock house which still stands, the last house in the present town of Santa Clara. This was near the Swiss Village which was located where the town now is. The American town which was largely washed away by this flood was around the point of the hill a little northwest.

Two or three years later father loaded us and all our belongings into a wagon and moved to Clover Valley, now known Barclay, Nevada. My first recollection of this trip was the breaking of our wagon wheel in Shoal Creek Canyon and father leaving us to go into the town of Shoal Creek to get it fixed. I also remember that while we were waiting a number of men passed us.

At Clover Valley we lived in a log fort. In one end was a room used as a schoolhouse where we children were given our first lessons. The teacher, Mr. Woodward, and his wife lived in one side of the room, the partition being a wagon cover. I was in the habit of always chewing my bonnet strings, and I remember that once Mr. Woodward told me that if I was hungry his wife would surely give me a piece of bread.

Though we were very much afraid of the Indians, who were always stealing, we would often venture out to a nearby hill and have jolly times coasting on our home-made sleds. Once, however, we really had occasion to be frightened. One night after the cattle were corralled, as was the general custom, Bradford Hunt was on

guard. Crouched in the shadow of the rip-gut fence was an Indian with bow drawn ready to shoot. Mr. Hunt, seeing him, quickly brought his gun to action and saved himself and perhaps all of the cattle. The Indian was buried in a near by canyon, up which we children had to go for the calves. To us nothing was more frightful than an Indian either dead or alive. Even when the whole town went up the canyon to gather choke-cherries the men were well armed.

Such a life was very discouraging and after about two years in which time most of our cattle had been stolen, father decided to return to Santa Clara.

He bought the lot, which is still owned by his wife, and built a two-roomed lumber house in place of a little log house which was there. I think father did most of his own hauling of lumber and shingles from Pine Valley and Mount Trumbull. The house was simply furnished with a white lumber table and straightbacked rawhide bottom chairs. The bedsteads were plain four poster beds with cords or rawhide wrapped back and forth for springs. The tick was stuffed with finely stripped cornshucks. No paint was in evidence.

Our clothes, like everything else was home-made. The yarn was spun, dyed and woven at home. In the earlier days a wagon-train would sometimes pass through on its way to California. These gold seekers often traded good clothing for farm products or other things. All the cloth was made at home, however, until the Washington factory was established then most of it came from there. Father ran a cotton gin for years and as we were given so much storepay on the cotton taken into the factory we were often able to get a calico or perhaps a lawn dress for Sunday. Sometimes molasses and peaches were taken north as far as Sanpete and traded for clothing and flour.

We always had plenty of food though in no great variety. We raised all kinds of vegetables and most of the grain for our flour, in which the shorts were always mixed. Chicken, eggs, pork, and milk were always on hand. Peaches was the main fruit taken care of for winter. Some were dried and some preserved, the preserves being put up with molasses in a twenty or thirty gallon barrel, as there were no bottles or sugar to be had. When I was about ten or twelve years old father bought twenty-five pounds of sugar and told us we might eat all we wanted. I think the number of times we dipped into that sack was innumerable. The only sugar I remember of seeing before that time was one lump kept with mother's medicine.

But molasses served the purpose very well when we were not accustomed to sugar. One of its many uses was for candy pulls. We always had plenty of these and perhaps enjoyed them more than the children of today who have the best of materials for making candy.

Candy pulls, however, were not the only kinds of amusements. We often had spelling school where each speller tried to out-spell the others. Then there was the Friday afternoon program or "Exhibition" as we called it. Sometimes there were children's dances, and dances for grownups where everybody joyously took part, the Bishop or some one appointed by him was in charge. The celebration on May Day was one of the best. This was usually an excursion to some shady place a few miles away, where all the town gathered and joined in the fun. Even with all these diversions the evenings at home were as pleasant as any. Father read or sang while we all worked. If a visitor called he was welcome to our family group

and always joined in making the evening a happy one.

I think I learned to enjoy reading, at home more than at any other place. At school we were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling and geography, but to become of use these had to be put into practice and it was at home where this was done.

There were no grades in school but the books were graded. When a pupil had mastered one book he was permitted to take a more difficult one. Our spelling, too, was a very important study. We wrote our words on slates and exchanged with other pupils for correction, or had oral spelling matches. If the class was too large for the one teacher to manage, he appointed older students as monitors to assist him. I was such a talker that it seemed impossible to keep quiet and as a result was punished several times a day. Such punishment was usually a hand-whipping with a ferule.

My mother died in July 1870 after an illness of thirteen years, leaving me and my five sisters, the oldest thirteen years of age. Though I was only eleven she had instilled in me habits of work and cleanliness which have stayed with me to this day.

I was married on Jan. 1st 1879 to Stephen Albert Bunker in the St. George Temple. In the spring we went to Bunkerville, Nevada and joined the United Order. I am the mother of eleven children, eight of whom are still living. After thirty years stay at Bunkerville we moved to St. George where we are living at the present time.

Collected by Katie Webb.

PIONEER REMINISCENCES OF STEPHEN ALBERT BUNKER SR.

I was born September 14, 1857, in Ogden, Utah. My father, Edward Bunker, was born in Maine. When a young man he came to Nauvoo and there worked on the temple. While there he met Emily Abbott, a New York girl whose family had joined the Mormon Church and came to Nauvoo. A year or two later they married. My father came to Utah, by California being in the Mormon Battalion, in the fall of 1847. The next winter 1848, he journeyed back to Winter Quarters. There his wife joined him and they came to Utah and settled in Ogden.

The only incident I recall while in Ogden happened when I was three years old. The steps leading into the house were three or four feet high. One day father had sharpened an ax and set it by the steps. As I was attempting to open the door I slid off the steps and fell upon the sharp blade of the ax cutting a gash two-thirds around my leg. Several stitches were taken and I still carry the scar.

In the fall of 1861 my father and family moved from Ogden City and came to Dixie. We went to Toquerville and lived there for one year. The wagon we had to make the journey in was bought from the Government. The box was almost like a house, being closed in with wagon covers. It was so high that a ladder was used to climb up into the box. Two yoke of oxen made up the team. Some times after hard teasing father would let me use the long ox whip.

While in Toquerville we did not own a home but lived in a rented two-roomed house. From there the family was called to Santa Clara to help settle the country.

Our first house was made of rock and was built by a man named Everett. It consisted of four rooms and a front porch. The furniture was very crude. The chairs were made with rawhide bottoms the table

and cupboards were made of boxes. The first carpet we had was made of wool, spun and woven by my mother.

The sport we boys all loved best was shooting with bows and arrows. When I was about 12 years old, my brother Edward saw two Indians killing a beef on the range. He captured one and sent ~~one~~ the Indian's sinew-backed bow and quiver full of flint-spiked arrows. I was "Big Chief" of the "Bow and Arrow Gang."

Soon after this event I was out hunting and I met a playmate who was watering. He was across a big wash, with his pants rolled up above his knees. "Will you give me a lief?" I asked, "Sure", he called back. I raised my bow and shot, when he saw the arrow coming he started to run. It hit him in the calf of the leg, going to the bone. His mother and my mother gave me a good talking to, nearly frightening me to death. They threatened to send me to the reform school until I promised never to shoot at a person again.

I started to school when I was about ten years of age. My first teacher was Aunt Synthia Abbott. School most generally was held about three months. At this time schools were not graded as they are now. The first thing in the morning was reading. Students in each reader had their classes in their turn. The more advanced students, or those in the grammar grade were let out at recess while the A. B. and C. classes had arithmetic, then they were dismissed for noon. The grammar grades next had Grammar and Geography until noon. After noon all had arithmetic and spelling.

After we boys had out-grown our bows and arrows, the chief sport was base rounders, which later developed into base ball. No one was better than myself and very few as good at this game.

My clothes were all cut and made at home from genes, until I was a young man. My hats were made out of straw, woven and sewed by my mother. The hides of cattle were taken to St. George and tanned, then taken to a shoe maker. We had to go have our feet measured, and have our shoes made. When I was fifteen years old my elder brother Edward left home and I had to quit school to help my father.

As young people we engaged mostly in dandy mulling, dancing, hay-rack riding, "Bees" such as husking bees, quilting bees, and spinning bees. We were very fond of joining with St. George and going on outdoor excursions.

When I was eighteen, President Young came to Santa Clara. When he traveled he always took large companies with him. We decorated the school house and made a bowery outside where the meeting was held. After President Young spoke all were invited inside. Here two long tables were set with a banquet. "Such a treat", President Young exclaimed, "Why I thought you people were starving to death down here."

When I was nineteen years old father bought twenty acres of land at Panguitch. I went there and cultivated it for two years.

On January 1, 1879, I married Mary J. Knight, a girl from my home town. We moved to Bunkerville, Nevada that same month. I as the father of eleven children, eight of whom are still living. We lived in Bunkerville for thirty years then came to St. George.

Written by June Bunker December 1920

Collected by Katie Webb

MARILYN LEE CORNELIUS

I wouldn't be able to tell you much about the early days.

I used to go to Martin Slack's school in Toquerville and he never whipped me once. I always tried to be good but saw he used to work his boys. Once he whipped a big girl, wasn't no relation either, but that was because she wouldn't mind.

I lived in Toquerville and Old Kanarra and New Kanarra, here in Virgin and upon the mountain. I was rebaptized in Toquerville. We were all trying to be good and over come our weaknesses.

Yes my father was John D. Lee. He was one of the best men that ever lived. So kind hearted to children. He came to see me when they were a taking him to Beaver and brought me a new dress, and there were tears in his eyes when he saw me. He didn't want no part in that terrible affair he said he'd rather the earth would swallow him up than to have any part or parcel to it, but when they came for him he had to go. You see he spoke the language of the Indians and they needed some one to be an Interpreter; They was afraid of the Indians. He wasn't the leader only one to talk to the Indians.

My father begged the Indians to quit. They were afraid of them for they had promised to help them. My the Indians would have burned us all. There would have been a great hawling bac and forth over coals if the men and not kept the e word. My father begged with tears in his eyes and the Indians called him "No Guts." They called us all "No Guts," "Farcoses." That means "cry baby" you know. Father had been through so much you see he didn't want no more shedding of blood.

My mother left my father. She didn't want him to have no part in that affair. She was a Groves and married a man named Mathews. You see she wouldn't even let us be called Lee for a long time because she thought rather hadn't ought to have went and did it. Then after it was over she thought he ought to skip out to Mexico so he wouldn't be taken. And she was so mad because he let them put the blame on him she left him. She did not want to even be sealed to him but she is and will be his through all the eternal world but the truth will be known then and she will be all right. You see Lee is the heir of all the Lee Family. The head you know. The last thing my father said to me was "Tell your mother for all she left me my love goes with you and her through all the eternal world." and the church wouldn't seal her to Mathews and she is sealed to my father as it was meant to be.

MARIAM CORNELEUS

When my mother and step father came to Virgin there weren't many places here and they drove right through the town and when they reached the other side father stopped and mother ask him where it was and he said "You have seen it all."

Before he came to Utah father lived in "Far West". He was a body guard of the Prophet Joseph Smith himself and was in all that terrible driving and mobbing. He came to Salt Lake City I think in 1847 with grandfather Groves and grandmother came in 1847. One of her or Aunt Lucy's children was born under an oak tree after they was drove from Illinois. Grandfather had a cow hitched with an ox which he drove across the plains. Grandmother broke her leg. Right in the ankle and Brigham Young said to her. "Oh sister Groves don't you think you better stay back and wait till spring and she said, "Don't let me stay. I want to come on. You set my leg, and swing me up in the bows

of the wagon. Brigham Young, Said, "As your Faith is so shall it be."

He was a wonderful man so good to everyone. He set her leg his own dear self and she came on to Utah and saw Brigham Young plant his cane and say "This is where the Temple will be."

He prophesized here in Virgin and told us we would never amount to anything until we moved up on the higher ground, and I tell the boys we won't get nothing till we obey that counsel. When we move the prophesey that from Virgin to Crafton will be one solid settlement will come to pass. And its coming to pass. My they are going to make this all a reservir and will have to do as we should have long ago. You know when the other settlements got money for their new churches they were a lot of complaining here and I said then. You will never get anything until you move up higher because that was the way it was prophezied, which is as it should be.

When we first came here that is years ago, Virgin was more of a town than it is now. We girls would go arm in arm up the road or the street and then some. This old church was built and these houses but they will all have to be moved.

My mother had eleven children. Father had given to the church and then trusted the Lord but Duffin Jim Duffin had the office and he told mother she could get all she need for herself but not for the children. I was young but I got out and got me a job. I used to work for bran to help mother feed the other children for you see she told him, "If we had to starve she would too." My eyes were awful that year but the Lord blessed me.

Not many men would have done as my father. He promised that if any one had to be tried for the Mountain Meadow trouble he would do

it. He couldn't control the Indians they were that upset at the emigrants. They had poisoned the water and meal and the Indians had eaten off the meat. Many died.

The men at the trial said to father "You are not the man, we know you are not the right man. But father had given his word and the word was a demanding some one to be punished, but now the truth will all be brought to light. Why they would of drove us and mobbed us if some one had not been willing. Father would have done any thing for the church he was that religious and he had seen so much he couldn't stand no more mobbing.

INTERVIEW GIVEN BY MRS. MARATHA CANTFIELD JUNE 26

The dedication of the St. George Temple when it was finished.

When the temple was dedicated there was a terrible wind storm. People came from ever where in their buggies with ox teams. Wagons and horses were too expensive to use much in those days. The temple was crowded. President Young was there and some of the apostles. President Young was up speaking when the wind started its worst. We looked out of the windows and could see nothing but dirt flying everywhere. The men wanted to go out and rescue their buggies for they were being overturned and broken up by the wind but President Young said to be quite. "The devil's mad but it will soon be over." So when we came home it had quieted a lot but it was certainly very windy. When I got home the west end of father's home had started caving. Mother and father had the things there to keep it from falling. They got that fixed all right but it was sure was awful wind storm.

I was present for the dedication when President Young broke the first ground for the temple. There was a lot of people there but no

real great things happened.

I was also present when the tabernacle was dedicated and although nothing special happened, there was a very large meeting which was very interesting.

My father and Isiah Cox built the towers on the temple and I carried his lunch to him every day. He also helped to build Julia Foster store and the towers on the courthouse. He and Isiah Cox built together a great deal and also Brother Romney. Jed Pates' house, which belonged to President Young at the time was also built by my father. When he was sent here by President Young he was considered a very good carpenter.

I was about three years of age when I came to Dixie. There was nothing here to live in except dugout, sheds, and tents for those who could afford them. The people lived in as bad of condition as did the Indians. We lived in constant fear of Indians of whom we were very frightened. On washday we went out and dugoose roots to make soap out of. At night the men had to guard the settlements to protect their animals from the Indians. The Indians could come almost right into the settlement with the aid of a piece of brush that was tied to their heads. Not being to tell them from a brush, the whites did not know they were there unless they saw them move. One night the Indians stole the Thurston family's small boy. The child was never found although they hunted and hunted and offered big rewards.

Meat was a rare thing in those days because they were few animals around and they couldn't kill their oxen since they need them so badly and they were considered valuable. When the men went hunting meat or wood they had to go in companies so they could protect each other from the Indians.

Now we celebrated the Fourth of July; Everybody looked forward to the Fourth of July and they all did all they could to make it a good time for everyone else. The meeting was held in the meeting house located just below the old old thithing office by the brick wall that runs down along there. Benches were made to sit on and a platform for the speakers, also a place for the choir to sit. Everything was made clean and tidy for the 4th and 24th celebrations. Sheep were killed and a barbecue was held. All who could brought with them a molasses cake and a great feast free for everyone, was held. The Marshall band got out and entertained the people. Joe McIntire played the drums and Taylor Riding the flute and they visited each camp and entertained them, racing, as a reward, a molasses cake and a jug of beer. In this way we all had a real nice time on the 4th and 24th. Sometimes a great basket of things was made up for the poorer children, that they might enjoy themselves, too.

During warm weather ~~when~~ they held dances, we girls always went to them in our bare feet as did everyone else since shoes were expensive and to wear them in the winter was being extravagant enough. The heels of the shoes were put on with wooden pegs and a calico dress was so valuable that we treated them with as much as one does silk dresses.

People had their own spinning and weaving to do in those days. We colored the yarn with herbs that we grew after we had bleached the yarns. Now we seem to have nothing and yet we have so much more than we had in those days.

When President Young came to town we always held meetings for a day or two. He cheered the people up and gave them much encouragement to go on and carry out the work that they were trying to do.

The water was bad and we had to dip it up out of the ditch and put it in jars, wrapping wet clothes around it to keep it cool. The water came off the hill running down second west street and on down past the school house. One day mother left me home to tend the baby. When she had been gone a few minutes I missed him so went out to look for him thinking he might have fallen in the ditch. I followed its course clear down to the bottom of town where I found him playing in the water. I certainly watched him more carefully after that for it is a wonder he didn't drown. I was also very surprised to think that the Indians hadn't carried him away.

The people used to make up their own songs to sing and we thought they were pretty nice. One was made up about Captain Barlow, the leader of the band; Hurrah for Captain Barlow with his drumstick in his hand." The song went on to bring in the whole of the company of musicians and proved very entertaining.

The girls used to bring their spinning and weaving over to each other's place and sit in the yard and visit while they had spinning races to see who could get the most number of skeins done in the shortest time. There was not time to sit idly and visit--we must be doing something every minute of our time to make ends meet.

On the 15th of July 1873. I was born at Rockville Kane County (now Washington Co.) My father William R. Crawford, drove an ox team across the plains and settled at Draper in 1861. Was among the first to come to Rockville. Mother, Cornelie Gifford came to Dixie with her parents. Located at Shoensburg in November 1863. At the age of eleven years.

In the spring of 1879, we moved from Rockville to Springdale,

located at OakCreek f r many yearsthe people of the two settlements had to get their cattle on the mountain for summer. It was a long rough trail thru Shones Creek. Taking about three days driving to get on the Zion mountains about 16 or 15 miles from Springdale.

On Friday the 2nd of March 1900. Alfred F. Stout (Sp. Stout) John A winder and I started on foot to look for a shorter route. We followed the old Indian trail up the Big Bend (East Rim Trail) crossed the ridge down Grassy into Clear Creek followed down to what we called Rock Pasture, camped at a seep spring on the Washington Kane County line about two hundred (200 yds south of the present Zion Mt. Camel Highway.

The next morning we came on down to the falls where we looked from over the Big Arch into Pine Creek from there we crossed over North Found ourselves looking down into Zion Canyon just below where the WP Lodge now stands. Nothing very favorable here, so back to the last nights camp again.

Sunday morning, John caught a horse and went home Via. Shoes Creek trail while Ap. and I came across the ledges and down the point east of the Steven wash.

We decided in favor of the Big Bend Route.

In the winters or 1900-1901, and 1902-1903. The first trail was made by Jan. A. Winder for \$500.00 mostly paid by a few of the people who had use for it in driving cattle to and from their summer range.

W. E. Crawford

Springdale, Utah

March, 22, 1935

EARLY PIONEER EXPERIENCES

Interview given by Mrs. Maggie Cragun

June 23, 1935

My parents both started for the Salt Lake Valley in 1847. They left with the second company that came into the valley. The company they came in arrived in Salt Lake Valley in August, it was then that father was called to go with the Mormon Battalion. They endured such hardships as building roads, fighting off starvation, Indians and many other untold of miseries. They had their own doctors which the Government had provided, and of which they had to have their services even though they were not always the best of friends. My mother and father traveled in the same company, but did not become acquainted until after they arrived in the valley. They were immediately married after their arrival though. My father bought a lot and built a small one roomed frame house on it. Here the first child was born.

The call came to settle the country in and around Manti. Father was called to join that company because he was such a good blacksmith. At that time the people were chosen who were gifted with some trade like that because in every settlement there had to be someone who already knew certain trades so that the people could begin building up as soon as they reached the settlement. Father drove into Manti in the first wagon and built the first blacksmith shop. That was a terrible Indian country. All the people stayed as close together as they could so as to be able to fight off any Indian attack that might come. The men used to go in large parties up into the hills and shovel snow away so they could get the grass that was hidden under the snow to feed their starving animals. My parents remained in Manti until 1857, during which time four children were born to them.

At this time the Indians were very revengeful. No matter who harmed or insulted them they would take revenge on anyone they would happen to meet up with. At one particular time the men had all gone up into the hills to shovel snow and do other work. A small boy of eight years was playing out in the open away from the homes. A few Indians came out of the foothills, seized this small lad, stripped him of his clothing, and tied a raw hide rope about under his arms. One of the Indian members then mounted his horse and dragged the boy up and down past the houses until the lad was torn to bits, while all the time the mother of the boy stood by and watched her son being dragged to death.

My mother used to tell of a man who had left his family in Salt Lake Valley and had come to Manti with a company of men. After he had been in Manti for a long time a company of men were going back to Salt Lake City and so he decided to go with them and bring his wife and children back with him. He was very anxious to see his wife and children and so he rushed the other men in order to get on his way. The roads were very heavy with snow, and the men knew they would have to walk all the way. Being so impatient to see his family the man said he would start walking, but he would keep in sight of the company. When the rest of the company caught up with him they found him lying by an old log, cut into bits. He had evidently walked faster than he supposed because of his desire to reach the valley, and the Indians seeing him alone took revenge.

When the members of the Battalion that had survived the journey returned President Young prepared a feast for them. Everyone was so thankful that as many had returned safely as had. Everyone for miles

and miles around came to Salt Lake City to attend this feast. My father came back alive and he and mother went down to what they called the bower to join the celebration. The celebration for this affair and for the fourth and twenty-fourth of July were very elaborate. On the fourth and twenty-fourth the old martial band would play for hours and the people would parade along with them.

When the people would hear that President Young was coming to visit their towns they would plan for weeks as to what they would wear. They would work their fingers to the bone in order to save enough to get them a new gingham dress woven. They would trail around through the hills in order to find a kind of root that would make them the loveliest colored dress. Many was the times they had no shoes to wear, but just the same if they could march in a parade that was honoring President Young they thought their desires had been fulfilled.

We lived in Manti for about eight or nine years then father was offered a good position in Lehi and so we moved there. There were no boys in our family at this time. The small girls had to help drive the stock. I was about six years of age, but I remember distinctly walking and walking without ever getting to ride and all the time we, my sister and I, were herding the sheep and cattle.

In October, 1861 my father went to Salt Lake City to attend Conference. It was at this time that he was called to come down to Dixie. This was quite a hard knock on father because he had just bought land, built a home, and was doing a real good blacksmith business. It was the first time he had been financially free from worry for years and years, but he gladly accepted his call. We left Lehi in September

1862. Everyone stayed in one large group to make traveling easier. Mother had a son born to her just four weeks before we left, but that did not stop her from making the trip. Father made a home made cradle and nailed it some way behind the wagon seat so that mother could tend the baby while she drove the team. Mother drove all the way from Salt Lake Vallies to Washington. This old homeGnade cradle is now in the Zion Park Museum, collected from Mrs. Maggie Cragin by Proffessor E. L. Reid.

President Brastus Snow wanted father to settle in Washington because there was already two or three blacksmiths in St. George and there was none in Washington. We arrived Christmas Eve. We drove upon a hill and there we pitched our tents. There was only one thing that worried e children and that was how Santa Claus was going to find us way down here and especially because there was no chimney in the tent for him to come down. Of course we did not expect much but we always got some little home made dolls, furniture of what not, along with molasses candy, but just the same we enjoyed that as much as if it had been more.

On our trip from Lehi to Washington we stopped at a place called Grapevine Springs. Not one man in the company had a match. One man in the company, namely, Bill Bruff told us that he could start a fire if he had a little piece of cotton. My sister had a little paper sack filled with fluffy white cotton which she prized very much. She would not part with it for anything, but when mother made her give it to Mr. Bruff, she cried as if she had lost a million dollars. Mr. Bruff walked over to a big bush, put the cotton down in the center of the bush, took his gun in his hand and walked a short distance away. He then fired the gun into the bush and immediately a fire blazed up. The people nursed that fire along for days. Each one would come and get a little bit of fire and start him

one and thus we kept a fire for days.

The water that was used in Washington was not a bit good tasting, but as that was all there was it had to be used. When we arrived there everyone was down with the chills and fever, and it was not long before many of our members were down with it.. Father developed malarial fever. He had it for a very long time, and then on the advice of Brother Snow we moved to New Harmony where the weather was cooler. Here we rented a farm and prospered.

We were prosperous for those times, but all our belongings could be packed into three wagons. On our trip to New Harmony I can remember we would throw all the rocks off of the road we went over so as to make it better for the next company. We were made to see that we were working for the good of all, and that each one had to do his part.

We did not used to have baking soda to make our biscuits and cakes from and so when Father would come to St. George we would go down where the St. George Temple now stands and gather up the white mineral substance that covered the ground. This mineral was called Salaritis. We would gather up buckets of it and take home with us. We cleaned it by putting small amounts in a container and pouring water over it. When the mineral settled to the bottom of the bucket we would pour the dirty water off of it and would have the clean mineral substance. Mother would send us up on the mountain side to gather oose which was used for soap. There were many other kinds of roots that we would gather in order to color our home-made dresses the brightest colors we could.

When a company was called to go settle Mesquite Valley my father was also called. This was the worst mission he ever filled. The land

was so barren and forsaken. We stayed there about four years, and then the place broke up. A large flood came down and washed all their things away, until it was urgent that they leave.

Before the Mormon Battalion was called the Government in the east had been trying to think of some way to rid themselves of these people who believed in their own God. They decided to tell Brigham Young to call a company of 500 men together and send them on a long march to California. In less than two days after they informed President Young of their plans he had the men all notified and they were making preparations for the march. It was not wonder that when as many of the men returned from the march as did, that the people feasted and made merry because it was thought that they could not possibly return, because of the hardships they would have to endure, not only trouble from Indians, but the crossing of the deserts and the mountains.

DEDICATION OF THE ST. GEORGE TEMPLE

Interview given by Mrs. Maggie Cragin

I went to the dedication of the temple in January 1877. President Brigham Young was present. President Young said that the doctors had told him he had gut, anyway he was lame and had to use a cane. He was carried up into the Temple in a big chair. People thought that he would not be able to talk but he was. Just on the outskirts of town the people built an arbor for President Young to pass under as he entered town. People from far and near went out and greeted him, and then followed the procession down to the Temple.

President Young was not planning on speaking, but before the meeting was finished he spoke to the people. He raised up on the stand, and brought his cane down very hard on the pulpit. He said, "Is it mar the

pulpit some of these good workmen can fix it up again." He did mend the pulpit but the people did not fix it up again. They left it for a mark to be carried down through the years.

When meeting had been dismissed they began to file out of the building. Just as it was dismissed a terrible wind began to blow. The people began to crowd one and another trying to get out of the building because they thought something was going to happen. Then President Young again stood up and said, "Sit down and calm yourselves and let the devil roar." The devil did roar for perhaps two hours or more doing much destruction in its fury. It upset buggies, tore trees up, and did much damage to everything in general. The devil tried his best to discourage the people, but he had found that he had met up with a stronger opposition than he could overcome.

The Temple was filled to the utmost capacity. People from everywhere had come to witness the dedication of the first temple. After the dedication the people were very anxious to become workers in the Temple. There was not very many temple clothes prepared, but the people worked hard and before long people were going into the Temple and doing their temple work. Those who did not have clothes borrowed them from their friends, thus making it possible for many to get their temple work done.

I do not remember much about the dedication of the Tabernacle, but I do remember that Brother Isiah Cox, father of Henderson Cox, climbed to the top of the Tabernacle and put the finishing touches on the ball and steeple. It was surrounded by a frame and so was not so dangerous.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ALICE ANN LANGSTON DALTON'S LIFE

I was born Feb. 5th 1865 in Rockville, Utah, in a house built of rock and adobe, laid in between four stakes used as the corner posts, the fire place and chimney were made of rock with a large flat rock as a hearth, the roof was made of water wilows with dirt on top the floor was dirt, the house had two small windows and a door. I lived in this house until I was five years of age, when father built a log house.

All of the cooking was done in the fire place, we had what is known as bake ovens that we did the baking in the live coals were pulled out of the fire place onto the hearth. The dough was put in the bake ovens then covered with the live coals and left until baked. At that time we made quite a lot of corn bread, as there was no wheat grown here until I was six or eight years of age. My father, in order to get flour would take his molasses and dried fruits and vegetables north and trade for flour, machinery and other things to use. We raised our own cows, pigs, chickens, and horses, Cane and cotton was the main crops in those days, other crops were, corn, alfalfa, field beans, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, and most all vegetables except tomatoes, I was a grown girl before we had tomatoes. All my clothes were made from the raw cotton by my mother. she done all the cording, spinning and weaving of course as girls grew up we had to do our part.

Soon after I learned how to card, spin, the factory at Washington was built, then we went there for our cloth, I learned to sew very young, by the time I was twelve or thirteen I was sewing for the family every girl, had to knit her own stockings as well as the mens socks, they also made their own hats, mostly of straw after wheat was grown here, our shoes we traded for of Mr. Peter Olsen who made shoes for all the surrounding towns. Most of our farm implements were home made, except the plow the

alfalfa was cut with a sythe. When wheat was first grown here, my father cut it with a cradle, then tied it by hand with ooz.

There was a variety of fruits grown here, at that time peaches, pears, apples, and grapes and plums. There was no cherries, we had the black currant, no berries were grown until I was nearly grown. The fruits were sun dried on big scaffolds. When fruit became very plentiful and we had more than we could do ourselves. We would gather a good many bushels and pile them up on the ground then invite all the young folks in some evening, to a "cutting bee", we called it, some would cut and carry them to the scaffolds in baskets made of water wilows, and then those on the scaffolds would spread the fruit on the boards. I have seen whole wagon loads of fruit cut and put out in just a few hours that way. Then after the fruit was all done we would play games, and have refreshments most generally all the watermellon and grapes we could eat.

To soften the water for washing clothes we used cotton wood ashes. Also we used this ash water to make soft soap. We also used the roots of ooge to make soap and soften water. Our wash tubs were made of wood similar to bands of staves put together with wilow hops to hold them together. Our wash boards were made of wood and some of tin. When I was about 5 years of age Pres. Brigham Young came here, and stopped at Jane Blacks, I did chores for Mrs. Black, so was there when he came and he took me on his knee and talked to me. I saw him many times after this he came around about once every year. He was a great hand to tell the people how to build their houses, to farm, set out their orchards, and how to manufacture their own implements and to be self supporting. One thing he stressed most was home industry. On one occassion when here he prophesied that the time would come when lumber, would be hauled down here that would

come from the ledges above. and that this Dixie land would yet be the richest part of the state. He was very fond of children, he always spoke to them when he met them. When I was a child our amusements consisted mostly swimming, swinging and dancing, as I grew older I took part in plays, we put on entertainments of some kind once a week, and plays or Lyceiums as they were called then, every two weeks, I really enjoyed this forme of amusement as I loved most. We went to Springdale, Shonesburg, Duncan, Grafton and Virgin for dancing, we went on wagons, We had spelling bee's which caused a lot of fun. We always celebrated May day, 4th of July, 24th of July, Thanksgiving day, Christmas. We used to have big parades on Pioneer day and have the handcarts and Indians and stage a sham battle between the Indians and pioneers, we often went in crowds horse back riding.

When I was about four years of age all the people living in the surrounding towns moved to Rockville on account of the Indian uprising, children or anyong was not allowed outside the town unless accompanied by an armed guard, the men took turns standing guards at night, if an Indian came into town the streets would soon be vacated as the children were so afraid of them. But later the Indians became very friendly and mother hired them to help dry fruit and paid them fruit and other foods. The Indians migrated or moved camp about twice a year, they lived in what they called a "wake-up", all lived asone family in summer they came here when the fruit got ripe and helped with fruit until it was all gone then they moved on to another place, They dressed in rabbit skins sewed together in winter. In the form of a cape, in summer the men and children were naked only a breech clout, the women wore a loose sack with a string around the waist. They carried their food stuffin the front of these sacks.

They wore moccasins they made out of buckskin some ornamented them with glass beads. Most of their food stuff was boiled on the live coals over a camp fire.

They ate all kinds of wild animals, lizzards, snakes, some raised corn, they ground the corn between rocks and made flour they stirred water into this and baked it on hot rocks. The only Indian marriage ceremony that I ever seen was the first time I seen Jacob Hamblin. The Indians would form a circle the squaw girl and two Indians in the center. there was always two Indians wanting the girl. the girl would get between the two Indians, one would take one arm and one the other, then the Indian that could pull the girl away from the the other, won the girl. At this wedding, the chief was one that wanted the girl he was a big strong fellow, and the other was just a young rather weak boy. so Jacob Hamblin didn't think that it was a very fair match so he asked if he couldn't take the boys place and the chief consented, and Mr. Hamblin pulled him and got the girl and gave her to the boys. In 1877 I went to St. George to the dedication of the temple, while on the way we traveled with Jacob Hamblin and a tribe of Indians, and camped over night at Berry Springs, with them, Jacob Hamblin was a medium sized man but 140 lbs. dark complexioned, he was a very fereless man, knew the Indian language perfectly. His life was threatened by the Indians many times, but because of his fearlessness they spared him and learned to love him. Jacob Hamblin moved to Arizona and on their arrival there, the people in the neighborhood all rushed to see them, and asked them where their hornes were, that they had been told all Mormons had horns.

My first school teacher was Mary Stocks, she was a very good kind teacher, I advanced quite fast and soon learned to read and write

spell and make figures. When I was ten years old, I was studying reading writing, arithmetic, and geography, English and history were not taught at that time. The benches and desks were home made out of rough material. We sat two in desk, We used slates and pencils to write our lessons. We had copy book for writing lessons, but no note books. Our spelling was orally until the last year I went to school then we wrote it on our slates. We exchanged slates to correct spelling. I wanted to help earn my own books, so I gathered rags and cleaned them and sent two sacks of them to the Deseret News Office in Salt Lake City and received a big geography, big double slate, some readers, and a hymn book.

I left school at fifteen years of age and was married Neuman Brown went to Arizona with him. My mother and brother William going also. We went to Round Valley on the little Colorado, river. We lived there during Nov. & Dec. of the year 1880, then moved down the river below St. Joseph, where mother and I cooked for a bunch of men, who were making a grade for the railroad. We came back to Rockville in April, a girly baby was born to us the next Sept. Soon after this I left my husband and lived with my parents, my father had very poor health, so I stayed and nursed him through a long sickness from which he died Dec. 3, 1882. I worked whenever I could get means to support myself and baby. I went back to school for about three months then married Orley Dalton in May 1885, from this marriage we had six girls and three boys, the first boy was drowne in the town ditch when he was 18 months old. The youngest girl died of Pneumonia when she was 2 years old. The rest are all living and married but one girl, at this time and have families, during the time I was a widow, I had many offers of marriage by married men wanting

to go into polygamy, as this practise was at its height at that time.

Some of the chances I had to marry were good and some not so good. But I didn't want to go into polygamy, I lived, while working, in some of the families that were living it, and they were very good, well educated people, and lived the life of a family that you could not tell which child belonged to its mother, if you were not personally acquainted with the families. They were very happy and congenial and really made a big success of polygamy. One family I worked for the men had four wives, they all taught school and I was hired to care for a boy 2 years old and a baby girl a few months old and do the house work. One day a U.S. deputy Marshal rode up in a one horse rig, tied his horse to the hitching post and started toward the house, the first wife asked me if I knew him, I told her who it was. She turned pale and asked me to find her husband and warn him to stay away, but before I could get out of the door the officer was walked in and handed her a piece of paper, told her to give it to her husband and walked out. She read it and said her husband would never see it, the paper was a subpoena to appear at district court as a juror man. Many other times when the U.S. Officers would come to town the plural wives have come for me to hide them. I have seen officers laugh when they have seen the men run to get away. They never run after them, but I have heard they did in some places.

Polygamy was a big success with a number of families I knew but not so good in others. It all depends on the intelligence to live right. The United Order here in Rockville was a failure, as they only tried it one year, but while in Orderville, the people were all happy and industrious. They all ate at one big table. But each family had a house and a lot of their own. I lived in St. Joseph when the United Order

was there and it was different. They all had their homes, but they divided the milk and vegetables and other products according to the size of the family, then they could use it as they wanted to. Some made butter and could even sell while others had the same amount of milk but didn't make any butter so this shows that some could save and have plenty while others would always stay poor.

When I was ten years old, I went to singing school and was a member of the ward choir. When I was fourteen I was chosen second counselor to the president of the Y.L.M.I.A. during that winter the president was sick most of the time, so I had to preside over a lot of the meetings. The assistant secretary and I were very young girls but we would go have our meetings then after go to a house party or to some of the near by towns to dance, so in that way we combined duty and pleasure in one night.

In 1883 I was chosen President for one year, as at that time the Mutuals were organized every year. In 1892 I was chosen President of the Y.L.M.I.A. & served for six years. I was chosen as a Relief Society teachers and in 1919 I was chosen President of the Relief Society which position I held for nine years. Since that spring I have been a Relief Society teacher and I was secretary of the Sunday School for one year in 1883. Principal of the religion class for nine years. Pres. of the ward choir for nine years. Pres. of the ward choir for ten years. Chairman of the Genealogical committee for two years. Was chosen teacher of the Parents Class in Sunday School in 1908 and still hold that office to date 1935.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF BRIGHAM DILTON.

ROCKVILLE

I was born Feb. 9, 1863, in Parowan Utah, in a covered wagon, as my parents were on their way to Dixie to help settle this part of the country. I was three weeks old when we landed in Virgin, where we lived for two years in a dugout then we moved to Zion and lived there until 1866 when we moved to Rockville on account of the Indians up rising. Here I have lived ever since. Our first home was built of bit cotton-wood logs that we dragged to the building spot with oxen, Later my father owned a big blue mare, that we hooked with one of the oxen to plow with, Father would put the collar on the ox upside down in order to fasten it on, then put the harness on, after we got the horse we never used yokes.

The first crops we planted were mostly corn, cotton and cane. We raised most kinds of vegetables and planted orchards, they were not many years before we had plenty of fruit such as peaches, apples, apricots, and plums, to use. We used to dry the fruit on large scaffolds then in the fall of the year Father would pack the dried fruit and take it north to buy clothing, flour and other things that we could use. He also took the molasses and traded for materials and food to use.

There was very little grain grown here at first, as we were sent her to grow cotton and cane mostly to supply the residents in the norther town with clothes and molasses to sweeten their food with, a few of the residents later had bees so had honey to sweeten food.

Most of our bread was made of cornmeal at first as flour was hard to get, the white flour was hard to get the white flour was rationed out in those days, what wheat we did raise we had to thresh out with horses or a flail, then grind it with coffee mills or in the corn

crackers, which made very coarse flour, In those days we gathered greens of different kind from the sides of hills, they were eaten very extensively there. Our cooking was mostly done in pots or bake ovens over the fire places, some built what they could rock oven where they done their baking. Most of us went barefoot until leather became more plentiful the women used to make moccasins out of cloth to wear around the house.

The raw cotton was seeded by hand, corded spun and wove into cloth by the women folks and made into clothes, there was no sewing machines at that time so all sewing was done by hand

Nearly everybody had plenty of milk and butter, some stories were told of how people had to eat roots to keep alive, but I knew no one but what had plenty to eat. maybe not much of a variety but they had plenty of what they raised.

Barrels made from pine staves with black willow hoops to hold them together, were used to store our molasses in, our dishes we ate in were tin plates, iron spoons and forks.

Father was a blacksmith, he would take worn out horse shoes and made log chains of them, he made our first plow of wood and used sheet iron for the point. Our bedsteads were made of wood with holes bored through the sides that we put rope on cord through and wove it back and fourth across and length wise, we had no spring, we had feather beds in those days on top of straw or shuck ticks. they were very real soft too. Our tables were made of woodslabs, but our first chair were made of lumber, until Samuel K. Gifford came here and made the rawhide botto chairs, which we still have today. The first sawmill to make lumber was up in North Creek, above Virgin the lumber was first made of cottonwood.

Our amusements consisted mainly of dances, ball games, swings, then we had Lyceums once a week or every two weeks when entertainments of different kinds were staged by the local talent. We used to put on lots of plays, I took part in some. The first school I went to was held in a private home, school was only held 3 months out of the year, the teacher was paid with produce, I only went to school 3 years. In 1874 when the United Order started we moved to Rockville and have been here ever since.

The Order lasted only one year.

Father worked hard to try to make it a success, he put all he had into it, but on account of the selfishness that existed, it was not a success and people had to give it up.

May day was a great day for the children in our day, we always celebrated it, and took trips, had a may queen and programs, swings, and dances, Easter was celebrated much the same as it is now. The fourth of July was always a big day, programs, parades, horse races, ball games, and dances and contest and all kinds of sport. The 24th of July, we always had the pioneer parade, the covered wagon, oxten ms handcarts, and the mode of camping on the plains, also the attack and fighting with the Indians then the peace conference with the Indian Chief.

Mos of the polygamist I know were law abiding loyal citizens very congenial, in their home life of course there few exceptions, but most of them were successful in raising their families. My brother Edward Dalton live in Parowan he was a polygamist the U.S. Marial tried to get him but he evaded them and hid out in the hills, but one of the neighbors a Mr. Thornton told the officers that he came home a certain time each night so the officers, hid behind the fence on the corner, . . .

of the street he had to go to get home and when Edward came up they called to him to halt! but instead of doing so he put spurs to his horse and was fleeing away. The officers shot and hit him and he died soon after. The officer never shot him intentionally, done it to frighten him so he would stop, never thought of hitting him.

Some of the polygamists here were our leading citizens, well educated and were well liked by all.

Jacob Hamblin was a great friend of the Indians. I only met him once and that was when he was marrying a squaw as the boy she wanted was not strong enough to fight for her, he was about average size, but very strong. The first time I saw Brigham Young, he came to dugout in Virgin, and I remember he ate cornmeal mush and milk in a tin cup with an iron spoon. He came there many times after that, as he visited us one a year for a long time.

SYLVESTER EARL

July 31, 1935

Louise Slack.

I was born in 1862 in St. George. When I was fifteen I built a tool road from grape vine springs about one half mile toward Silver Reef through deep sand. I can just remember when we lived in Washington. There was a fort built there. We were afraid of the Indians in those days and during the worst scares the women and children slept in the fort at night. I remember coming home one morning and seeing where the Indians had fired the roof of the house during the night. The roof of the house was made of willows and grass and dirt thrown over it all. Most of the houses had dirt roofs made this way in those days. I remember father throwing water on the roof which was smoldering and

putting the fire out.

We moved from Washington to Rockville and from Rockville to Springdale. My father made baskets and chairs which we sold up north for food and clothing.

I worked all through the boom of Silver Reef and helped build the second house built there. It was the first time in the history of the world that silver was discovered in sand stone. I have hawled ore there that was worth \$2000.00 a ton.

Brigham Young wisely advised the people not to bother with the mines. He realized that if they did they would neglect their homes. My uncle Wilbur located two mines at Silver Reef and kept it a secret because he wanted to be loyal and follow Brigham Young's advice. So he worked his assessments secretly and mostly in the night. When he was old and dying he advised his boys to hang on to these claims as they would be worth millions to them. They didn't know much about minerals and thought the old man was just visionary and let the assessments go. They lived to see the day when the claims were worth millions to others.

Brigham Young was a wonderful man. So far church affairs go I think he is the champion of them all. He treated rich and poor alike, visited with them. He would go have a bowl of bread and milk with a poor widow in preference to going to a hotel. He loved his people and did what was best for them. I remember President Snow. The one to follow Brigham Young. He was a mighty fine man and I always admired John Taylor. He was one of the apostles. Once he was down at Washington putting in a new bishopric. In early days we used to dance all night when we had a dance. The authorities wanted us to close our dances at 12 o'clock. Well this Taylor was down at Washington and he

says "I'll tell you boys how you can have just as much dancing as you have been having and still obey the counsel that has been given you and close your dances at 12 O'clock. You just have two dances where you have been having one." He was a good man and believed in caring for the poor. He said, "I want the bishop not the bishop's first counselor or his second counselor to visit every member of his ward and if there are any poor among you old men or women or widows or orphans that are in need, I want the bishop to see that they have the best food in the land. And I want them to have bedding and warm clothing and the bishop should take it out of the tithing for that's what the tithing is for."

I tell my people today that we haven't seen no depression compared to what the old people have went through. I have had to dig wild onions and set deadfalls for shipmunks for food in early days. We had to gather greens from the bushes and cook them and eat them. A man by the name of Rolf, he had two wives and a big family of children and lived in Washington. That family lived or rather existed on boiled Lucerne without even salt or pepper to go on it for six weeks one time and it was a common thing in those days to see one neighbor divide her last pan of flour with her neighbors.

I never picked much cotton but my sisters used to walk to work in the cotton factory.

I knew lots of Indians. I knew Chief Charlie he was a chief of the Navajos and as fine a fellow as I ever met. He was a particular friend of mine. There was about half a dozen Indians over on the Sevier on a trading expedition. It started snowing and I found a house for them to camp in. Next morning Charlie's beautiful silver mounted bridaa was missing. He was very much perturbed about it and thought

about it and thought it was stolen but I found it where the snow had covered it under some bushes and he was pleased to get it and Charlie wanted me to go back to Arizona with them. I told him I would and we left Circle Valley and went to Panguitch a distance of thirty miles. Some of the men home had asked Charlie if he was a racer and he told them "No" but while on the way to Panguitch he told me he was a trained Indian racer and that he would show me what he could do. He had been trained from in fancy. When we came to Cleveland ten miles from Panguitch across level country covered with sage brush he got off his horse and told me to put our horses down to a run from where we were to Panguitch and he took it a foot. He went leaping through and over the brush helping to drive the horses he went for ten miles. Then he leaped on his horse and didn't even seem tired. He said "I can run all day like that if I need to." I left the Indians and went back to Circle Valley. The Indians wanted me to go on with them and be come an adopted member of their tribe. They had herds of cattle and sheep but I decided I didn't want to go with them.

SYLVESTER EARL. AUG. 1

Well I want to tell you a little bit about my father. He was a member of the Mormon Battalion, James Calvin Earl was his name. He and his brother were close associates of the Prophet Joseph Smith. My father at one time was a body guard for Brigham Young and my mother drove two yoke of oxen across the plains. Her name was Mary Elizabeth Parson.

Myself, a man named Ormas May and Tom Grant and a man named Bush located the first oil claims in Virgin. The man named Bush was a chemest. We located the first claim in 1903., a mile and a quarter west

of Virgin Town.

We went down to Silver Reef and got a small retort and shot some sand rock that contained live oil. We retarded a gallon of oil from this rock. Bush analyzed this oil and separated it into different kinds of oil. This crude oil contained 97 per cent oil and 3% waste.

There was a rough wagon road at that time between here and Leeds seventy miles it was. We sent one of the party out, Grant I think it was, to find some one who would finance our industry. Several times we got men into the country but we were so far from the railroad that they were afraid to put up the money to start our project.

This went on four years and all my partners left me alone but I continued to locate and relocate until 1907. It was in 1907 that we persude a party from Rylite Nevada, to bring in the first oil rig. Pat Holihan, Bussey and Wilcox were the men. I gave them five claims of 160 acres each as an inducement for bringing in that oil rig. They agreed to bring in at least one. Well that would produce forty barrels a day of twenty four hours. The agreements were notarized and put in the St. George Bank in eschrowes. They drilled the well and struck oil on the fourteenth day of July in 1907. This was the first oil producing well in the state of Utah.

It caused a great excietment and a boom in Virgin City. We couldn't even feed the people who came in here, there were so many. In a few monthes there were seventeen rigs all standard rigs, but one that was a portable rig, working here. There were tents towns with two big tents hotels and saloons, but the money panic of nineteen seven came and knocked the botton out of the whole preposition. Men had invested their money in machinery and rigs and banks tied up the money and they had to quite.

Since then the oil industry has been kept alive by promoters coming in and drilling a little and the refinery being set up but there has been very little excitement since the first boom.

ESPLIN

I came down and lived on the Moapah Valley down here in the fall of 1868. We went through there when there was nobody living in Littlefield, Mesquite or Bunkerville. We stayed a couple of years at muddy and then went to Long Valley.

They worked on the United Order in 1874 out there. It was organized in March and they started work on the first day of April. It broke up in 1885, or twelve summers after it was started. When they started there was about two hundred in the Order. After they moved to Orderville in the spring of 1875 and had been there two or three years there got to be nearly six hundred. They had a board of directors. Everything was under the direction of foremen on different parts of the farm, the cattle herds, etc. They changed the foremen when necessity required. The last year they gave the people different parts of the farms under kind of a stewardship and the people had what they made. Those that were behind and those that were ahead at the end of a year were canceled so that everyone started equally next year. They had woolen mills, grist mills, and saw mills to make their own lumber. They raised their wool from the sheep herds. They had a common store-house where each family got what it needed. They had a big kitchen and bakery and different women went to work in the kitchen and dining room. They had a large table or what they called the bit table where the men ate first then the women and last the children. They quit eating at the big table

after about the first five years. After they quit eating at the big table they used to gather to have prayers when Brother Robertson blowed for them to come. We all felt like one family. Wherever we go today and see people that lived in the Order there is a bond there that is worth something.

Erastus Snow's wife turned her nose up at the Order. He didn't want to live that way himself. He was the cause of breaking it up. It broke up when they were just in a good shape to do something. You see, when they broke up the Order the woolen mills, shoe shop, and tannery went to wreck, and it was just a loss. They just got it started when they quit. It would have been a good thing to have continued it.

Out there there was two or three dairies which hauled milk ten or twelve miles from home. They also made butter and cheese. Just before they divided the Order they sold the ranges and the cattle. When they first started the Order they had had few sheep but they hired some and soon had four or five thousand head of their own.

I married two wives on the same day but I never told anyone who was the first wife. Them that was there knew, of course. The marshalls caught Brother Chamberlain, and Brother Covington for polygamy and they went to the "pen." The people used to be warned when the marshalls were coming and I tell you the polygamists got out of sight. Brother Chamberlain lived up above town and he had the road leveled out so he could see what kind of outfit had gone over the road while he had been away or asleep.

Martin Cutler lived at Glendale and he had two wives, both of them deaf and dumb. Armstrong and McCreary were after the polygamists, although Armstrong didn't care much. Armstrong knew these women were deaf and dumb but he didn't tell McCreary who went in and asked the women

something. They were smart all right and they knew what he was after so they motioned that they would cut his throat if he didn't get out.

One polygamist, a Mr. Lunt from Cedar, was blind but the marshalls always said that he could see ahead of them because he always left the day before they came.

A SHORT SKETCH FROM THE LIFE OF THE PARENTS OF EDWARD R. FREI

Told by Mrs. Annie Frei.

From the year 1854 missionarys were sent to all parts of Switzerland especially to the German speaking parts of Switzerland, many were ready to accept the Gospel, of those humble people among them were my parents. As soon as they were baptized they had a desire to emigrate to Utah to mingle with the Saints. They would sell everything they owned to get the means for the trip. They would leave their Country in small Companies. It often took from 2 to 3 months to cross the ocean. And that was not the hardest by no means. The hardships began by crossing the Plains. The earliest ones came with Handcarts. Later with Ox team. Some who had spare money were able to buy their own team of horses, or mules. It happened that by 1860 there was quite a large company of Swiss people in and around Salt Lake. No doubt the leaders of the Church were concerned how those people could best make a living not being able to speak English. In 1861 during Conference a proclamation was given by President Brigham Young that all the Swiss people in and around Salt Lake are called on a mission to go the extreme part of Southern Utah and make homes for them. This part of the Country had been previously explored by some of the Churst leaders and about 20 members were sent ahead(among them was the Jacob Hamblin, who was the head of the Mission). This settlement was about 350 miles distant from Salt Lake. The Church furnished the teams for those who didn't have any. The trip took about 3 weeks.

Among those in the Company Was my father, Rudolf F rei, and my mother Mararitta Nageli, who came from Switzerland as a girl with a company the year 1861. My father came to Salt Lake in 1860 a year before. He met my mother in Salt Lake and they were married in the old Endowment house. My Father bought his own team to come to Santa Clara. There were 93 members in the company. My father was born in Arau, Canton Argau Switzerland. My mother was born in Land Schlacht Canton Thurgau Switzerland. To them were born 7 children of which 3 live. My brother Jacob was the oldest. He married Lena Reber when he was 22. Next comes sister, Marie. She married Fritz Reber when she was 20. Next I come. I married Agnes Wilson in 1893.

My parents like all the colonists in early days, had to go through many hardships and exposure. My mother, had a pair of twins of which one died also 2 other sisters, who died in their infancy, on account of the hardships mother had to go through. When they first settled in Santa Clara they lived in a Covered Wagon until a dugout was made to live in. A few years later they built a log house where they lived many years. Then still later they built them an adobe house, in which they lived to the End. My Father died in 1902. My mother was a widow for 10 years, the house was then remodelled, and her oldest Grandson Vivian, who is the present Bishop of the Santa Clara Ward, took it over. His wife Jessie Hafen Frei is the Postmistress. I remember when I was a boy and we were living in the Log house, every time it rained we had to put pans on the bed at night, so the bedding wouldn't get wet. I also remember when we had no bread in the house. One day father learned that Bro. Leavitt had come home from a trip up north and brought a five sacks of flour, my father was a very reserved man, but seeing us children hungry as we were (Bread and mollasses was our best meal in those days) took courage and went to Bro.

Leavitt. When Bro. Leavitt saw him coming, he knew what he wanted. He said "Bro. Frei all the flour is gone except a little more than a half a sack and you are welcome to that. My father had tears in his eyes for joy. He thanked him and left his blessings with them as he walked out, his wife called him back and said to him. "Here take those warm biscuits for your children" and turned a dripper full of nice warm biscuits on a napkin. You bet we thought we had a feast when father came home with those good things. My father was the first Postmaster in this town, he held that position for 20 years. He was school trustee for many years. They worked very hard to make a living. I remember when we children were small, we would all go with father and mother to the St. George field to plant the crop. Taking our meager meal with us working hard all day and walking both ways. When I was young everybody made their own Wine. My father had some but we used it, very sparingly. When I was young somebody gave me a drink, and it made me sick. That taught me a lesson for life.

When I was a student at the B.Y.U. University I was called to go on a mission to Switzerland and Germany, so I left school and came home to get ready to leave, and since I was engaged to my future wife we decided to get married before I left, this was done, but she stayed with her mother until I came back I was gone 2½ years. When I came back we started to keep house. We sure were poor. We lived upstairs in mother's house and for a while we had a room in my brother Jake's place. I taught school for a couple of years, but didn't like the job. I like to work in the open, so I started to freight from here to Milford.

I was engaged in Church Activity.

I was called on a six month mission in 1930 to California, I was ward clerk a number of years. I was Superintendent of Sunday School for

a number of years. I was class leader in Sunday School for 10 years. I was Mutual President. I was on the Stake Board of Mutual for 12 years. I was first counselor to Bishop Hafen for 10 years. I was Bishop of Santa Clara 18 years. When released I was ordained a high counselor. I was first counselor in the Stake high Priest Chorum. At the present time, I'm class leader for the Adult Class in Mutual, also chairman for the Genealogical Committee.

I was constable on two terms. I was School trustee a long time. I was County Commissioner twice. I was at the Head of the town board twice. I was on the Board of Education for many years. I was Justice of peace on two terms, and had other minor jobs. I always was willing to help to build up the community. I have been and still am Commissioner for the Farm Adjustment Department. My work is farmer and stockman.

Edward R. Frei.

Collected by Katie Webb.

INTERVIEW WITH EDWARD FREI.

Dan Bonelli was the first presiding elder of Santa Clara. Zedick Judd was the first Bishop of Santa Clara. He later went to Fredonia. Edward Bunker was the next Bishop. He moved to Mexico and Marious Ensign was the next bishop. When he died, John George Hafen became bishop. The next man to become bishop was myself (Edward Frei). I was also a counselor to Bishop Hafen. John Graff was his 2nd counselor. John S. Stucki was also his 2nd counselor. When I was released Vivian Frei became bishop. He is the present bishop.

Casper Gubler and Brother Samuel Stucki were the only hand cart men to come to Santa Clara. There were 93 people in the first Swiss colony to Santa Clara. Of this Company Mary Ann Hafen of Bunkerville

and Christian Stucki and Harmon Gubler of Santa Clara are still living. John Stehely, Lizzy Walker and Mary Olson went to California.

I was the first president of the incorporated town of Santa Clara. The school house was built in 1863. The meeting house was built in 1897 and finished in 1902.

SAMUEL WITTWER

By Edward Frei.

Samael Whittwer came to Santa Clara from Switzerland in 1861, with his father and mother. He married Mary Gubler. He was a minute man of the early days. He could not sleep very well at night and would get up and write. He went back to the Missouri River to drive Church teams. He also went on a mission to Minnesota. He had two wives. His married life was very happy, as he was extremely just and fair to both of his wives. There was always a good friendly feeling his two wives.

President Snow said that brother Wittwer was not much of a preacher of the gospel but was a very good liver of it.

His second wife was Bertha Tobler.

He was one of the best farmers and was one of the most outstanding men of the early days.

Collected by Katie Webb.

LIFE STORY OF JOSEPH GRAFF

July 30, 1935

My father, John Jacob Graff was born at St. Gallen, Switzerland, Dec. 1, 1813. He died Dec. 2, 1880. My mother, Anna Barbara Pollock Graff was born Jan. 7, 1831 at St. Gallen, Switzerland and died in 1913.

I was born at Santa Clara, Utah Jan. 4, 1862. I was the first baby born in Santa Clara at its present site. I had six brothers; Jacob, Samuel, John Traugett, Paul Arnold, Walter Alfred, and Vernon Henry Andrew. I had two sisters: Anna Barbara, and Lydia Wilhelmena.

My parents joined the L.D.S. Church in Switzerland. All my brothers and sisters were born in the Old Country. My parents came from the Old Country to Salt Lake City, Utah. They were called by Brigham Young to go to Santa Clara, Utah in 1861. Daniel Benalla was the leader of the group from Salt Lake to Santa Clara. He later apostatized from the Church.

My folks first settled around the point from the present site of Santa Clara where they helped build the Old Fort under the leadership of Jacob Hamblin. They camped in the Mesquite brush at first. Later the Fort was washed away by a flood down the Santa Clara Creek; and the people moved down the creek and settled where Santa Clara now is.

I was born in a wagon box and it was storming very hard at the time.

My father and brothers made some adobes and by using them and cottonwood poles and willows they built a house. The willows were tied in bunches and laid on the poles. Then dirt was placed on top of the willows. This made a pretty good roof. But sometimes when it rained hard it would leak and I would get under my mother's bed to keep dry.

We had no furniture except some home made chairs and bed and a table. My parents brought a chest full of clothes from the Old Country so we had quite a few clothes. However we had very little to eat. We ate pigweeds and pout berries. I would take a pan and knock

the berries with a stick into the pan. The berries were red and grew on bushes. My mother would use molasses and berries and make a fine stew. We had no sugar and many times had no bread. My father would divide up the biscuits among the children and many times we went hungry. It was very hard to get flour.

The Indians were quite mean and sometimes would shoot at us with their bow and arrows. Jacob Hamblin when he caught them would tie them to a tree and whip them. This soon cured them. The Indians would come to the houses many times and beg for bread.

After we got the land cleared we could raise more crops. We raised pigs and cows and had more to eat. My brother hunted wild cattle at Bull Valley. I would go out with him and skinned them. I would tie them to the pack saddle and take them into camp. We brought them home and salted the meat down. The hides were worth from \$12.00 to \$15.00. The government put a stop to this later on.

About twice a week I would go to St. George on foot to get some meat from David Cannon's meat shop. When I saw Indians I would circle out away around them. I had no shoes so had to go barefoot. I herded cows in the hot sand and in the sharp rocks and my feet got as tough as leather. I used to ride an old cow across the Creek. I would take a bottle of water and a biscuit and herd the cows all day long.

At 7 O'clock the horn would blow and the people would get their cows out ready for the herd. Sometimes the cows would get bitten by rattlesnakes and die. There were also many tarantulas and scorpions. In the early days there was much chills and fever. But the men filled in the swamps and drained off the stagnant water, so that the mosquitoes could not breed and did away with this trouble.

Once I had the chills and fever. I took quinine but it did me no good. My brother Jacob brought Russel Chandler to see me one Sunday. They administered to me and I got better and have no had a sick day since. I was in a wagon box while I was sick.

We would have corn husking bees, and peach cutting bees. All the people would come and help and when they were through we would have a fine time and have a party.

We would peddle peaches at Pioche. The team was small and couldn't pull much so we would have to walk. The people at Pioche seemed to have plenty of money and in an hour or so our peaches would all be sold. We would get about \$60.00 or \$70.00. It would take us about 9 days to make the trip.

Once I went to Pioche with my brother and we took a little dog with us. We soon sold out and we decided to go to Rose Valley to camp that night. When we got there my brother went into a house to see about getting some hay and grain for the horses. The little dog followed him in. There were four or five men in the house playing cards. When my brother came out the dog did not follow him but stayed inside with the men. We went on and did not notice that the dog was missing. The next morning the dog arrived at our home in Santa Clara, making the trip of over 100 miles during the night. He thought we had gone and home and was trying to find us. When going to Pioche we would use four horses up the Clara Canyon. This was called doubling.

We raised cotton and took it to the factory at Washington where we sold it. Then we could buy clothing, blankets, food, etc.

About fifty years ago the Swiss people bought out the English people in Santa Clara. The English people went to Bunkerville where they raised

cotton. I went down to help there picking cotton along with some other Clara boys. We would pick 11 lbs. and get 1 lb. I picked cotton for 7 weeks. I picked a field of 7 acres three times. We had a big load to bring back home. We took it to the factory and got clothing for it.

Many teams from Bunkerville would haul salt to St. George for use at the Silver Reef mine. This helped the people to make a living. They sold the salt to the Lund-Judd Store. ✓

A Mrs. Holt had an old corfee mill and the people would bring wheat and have it ground in the coffee mill. It made good graham bread. Jacob Hamblin told the Indians if they would help make a ditch he would give them some land and furnish them water. They helped make the ditch and put in their crops. That summer the creek dried up and the Indians came to Jacob Hamblin and were very angry.

Jacob Hamblin went up into the mountains where he prayed for rain. While he was praying a drop or two of rain fell on him. He came back and told the Indians there would be plenty of water. It did rain and there was plenty of water for everybody. The Indians almost worshipped Jacob Hamblin

A big mean Indian from Kanab Country came to Santa Clara. His oldest boy became sick and the medicine man could not cure him. The Indian came to Jacob Hamblin for help. Jacob told the Indian to go and wash the boy and that he would then come and help him. The Indian would not do it and a little later the boy died. The Indian was very angry and said he was going to kill Jacob Hamblin. So Hamblin went at once to the Indian and told him if he did not behave that he would die in three days. The Indian would not give in and still wanted to kill Jacob Hamblin. In three days he took sick and died.

One day while I and my brother was herding on the bench two Indians came and took our lunch. They did this several times. I told Bob Wilson

about it. Bob Wilson got Joe Lay and came on their horses. They waited until the Indians took our lunch, then they lassoed the Indians and dragged them through the brush and cactus. The Indians did not bother us after that.

I remember the first nickle that I ever had. John Garner had brought some horses up from California. He would trade them for cattle and take the cattle back. He also had oranges which he sold for 25¢ each. I gave the nickle to my mother. It seemed about like a million dollars to me.

When we went to school we had a small slate, a Wilson speller and a primer.

All my brothers and sisters and myself would use these together. We would have to take turns using them. We had no pencil and writing paper. Mr. Berben⁰⁶ was one of my teachers. He whipped Noah Palmer to try and make him cry but couldn't. After he had broken about 12 apple willows he quit whipping him. Then Noah began to cry and said he hoped someday to settle with the teacher for the whipping. We used to have spelling matches. My brother was a very good speller and one day after all the others had been spelled down he spelled the word correctly. A girl told Mr. Bergen that my brother had looked in the book to spell the word. My brother denied it, but the teacher whipped him anyway. Our parents had to pay the teacher every three months.

One day I took my brother Arnold up in the West Mountains after wood. We got our load and were coming back. We had to come down a steep hill. The brakes gave way and the load pushed the horses down the hill. At the bottom was a pine tree. One horse went one side of the tree and the other on the other side. It broke the wagon tongue and one horse was buried under the tree. I chopped him loose and fixed up

the wagon and we came home.

In the early days they had a fine, small brass band in Santa Clara. On Christmas the band would start early in the morning and serenade the people. One Christmas morning Edward Frei and I decided to go with them. Every place they stopped at the people would bring out a lot of pie, cake and wine. Edward Frei and I got a 10 gallon keg and poured what wine we could get into the keg at each place. By the time we got through we had the keg full of wine. We had all we could drink and had a real good time. I felt so good that I fell into a ditch of water on my way home. My sister got me some dry clothes.

I married Mary Liza Reber in the Stl George Temple on June 2, 1877. We had four girls and seven boys. We lost our oldest boy who was poisoned eating salmon at Las Vegas. We have lived at Santa Clara, all the time.

I was working on the highway by Castle Cliff as powderman. I had placed $3\frac{1}{2}$ sticks of dynamite under a large boulder to blow it off the road. The wind was blowing very hard and I could hardly get the fuse lit. So I decided to cut off a part of it and try again to light it. I got my pocket knife out and reached out to cut it off. When I took hold of the fuse it was hot and I knew that it was burning. I guess the wind had carried the smell away and I hadn't thought it was burning. I knew that if I stood up to run that the flying rocks would hit me, so I started to crawl away to get into a small wash. Just then it exploded and threw me about 12 feet away. I had my right wrist broken and lost my right eye. The doctor took out a lot of gravel from my face and eye. The nurse took out a piece of gravel about the size of a pea from my right eye. It had caused terrible pain, as it had been in my eye for several days. I was in the hospital for 3 weeks. I got compensation for four years. I feel lucky that I am still alive. I still live in Santa Clara Utah and run my farm here.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MRS. WEBB AND HARRISON GUBLER

OF SANTA CLARA, JUNE 30, 1935.

We started from Florence with ox team to come to the United States. It took us about 40 days and nights to cross the ocean. I was but four years old at the time, but I do remember how long it took us to come across. My fathers name was John Gubler. We landed in the fall of 1860 We moved to Ogden and held over there for a year. When the year was up President Young called us to come on a mission to Dixie. While in Ogden we raised all our own vegetables. When we started for Dixie we had two oxen and two cows for carrying our luggage. Father had a hired man to help him drive the oxen and cows. As the oxen were still quite wild Father would have to stand on one side and the hired man on the other side in order to keep them guided. In order to hold them in the path ropes were tied around them and then held by father and the hired man.

It took us about a month to make the trip from Ogden to Dixie. There was much feed in the line of tall grass for the cattle and our cattle was quite fat, but by the time we reached Dixie the cattle were very poor. As we did not make many stops on the way down we were able to cover ten or twelve miles a day. The main thing we had to look for was water. We would have to arrange to camp someplace where we could secure water. The worst part of the road which we traveled over was from Kanarra down to Dixie. The sand was up to the wagon hubs. The main traveled road from Washington followed the Virgin River. There was a place where you would have to keep crossing the river in order to make any headway. They built a road over the Black Ridge. We had to travel up through St. George fields and up toward the Santa Clara Creek in order to reach Santa Clara. We settled in Santa Clara as soon as we arrived in this southern country. There was nothing in Santa Clara but sage-

brush and grease wood. One part of the valley was covered with timber. The first thing we thought about was a home. My father and others started to build cellars, but ~~as~~ we called them in those days they were dug-outs. We lived in these for two or three years. We would cut timber and cover the dug outs over the top in the shape of a roof so that the rain could not get in so easily, but many is the time we have had to dip water out of our homes in buckets full because the roofs did not keep the rain out.

After about twelve of fifteen years father was able to get some lumber from Pine Valley. The first time he got it he got about 500 feet. That was considered a lot of lumber. He paid for the lumber with food stuffs. We had to bring the lumber ~~down~~ by way of the Clara canyon. The roads were very poor. Father made a few more trips to Pine Valley for lumber and then we had enough to build a two room frame house. Father thought he was pretty well off after he built this house. After about the second summer we got so we could raise pretty good crops. We had plenty of vegetables, but we were always short on flour. They raised plenty of wheat up around New Harmony, Kanarra, and Cedar City, but we could not raise much here. We rigged up the old ox team and left for New Harmony, where we were allowed to glean the wheat. The members of the party that went up at that time were Mary Hafen, John Hafen, Barbara Graff Polluck, Jake Polluck and myself. Father secured a job from John Lee at this time which lasted for about two weeks. Everyone talked in the Swiss language at this time, and if any Americans would come and begin talking to our parents or to any of the older people we would have to translate it to them. We children could talk the English language pretty good, but our

parents could not talk at all only just what they had happened to learn.

We gleaned wheat in New Harmony about two weeks and then we got an offer from Cedar to come over there and glean. It took us two days to go from New Harmony to Cedar City. Here in Cedar we gleaned about ten or twelve bushel of wheat. This was very welcoming. Mother was getting anxious to come back home and so we came. We did not have any wheat sacks to put the wheat in and so mother took the old linen tick, put the wheat inside of it and sewed it together. This made a very good sack. We had the flour milled in the old factory at Washington. We had been in Santa Clara for several years and this was the first flour we had ever had that we hadn't had to work very hard for. We had been without bread for about three weeks. We used to have sour dough bread. Mother had put some of the sour dough away and had forgotten about it. One day I ran across it and even though it was hard as rock it tasted good.

- We used to eat pigweed and lucern. We would walk for miles to find some of the lucern so that we could have it to eat. We got so we raised corn and that helped us out a lot. We sweetened everything with molasses, even our preserves. Mother used to make jelly out of water melons. We used to dry and preserve musk melons. We would string the musk melons up on a long string and let them dry. Some people used to dry watermelons, but we never did because they would dry up to almost nothing.

The second year after we had gleaned wheat in New Harmony we again run short of flour. We were late in arriving and the fields were quite well gleaned and so we went on to Parowan. Here we found quite a bit of wheat. At this time I had the Dixie chills. I had them real bad and then they got so they came just every other day. My brother John took down with them and mother was left without any help at all. We had to stay

in Parowan another week until we got over the chills and then we came home. After father got things straightened up around home he went to peddling. We raised peaches and some vegetables and had mollasses. After he had followed this trade for some time things began to look pretty smooth. Father bought a loom while in Beaver and then Mother went to weaving. She made her own thread and yarn. At this time people raised sheep around here. Mother used to send children out to gather the pieces of wool from the bushes where they had caught when the sheep passed through them. She would use this wool to make thread. We also raised our own cotton and we children would have to pull the cotton from the seed with our fingers. She would make it into yarn and then we children would wind it up into certain sized balls.

All our furniture was made by father. We bought our stove over with us from the old country, but other than that everything was home made. While we were in the old country father had quite a bit of belongings, but everything had to be sold at the very lowest possible price. The first land we bought in Santa Clara was a little piece about $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres which had three rows of peach trees on it. We paid \$150 for it. The peaches gave us a good start. We used to dry peaches by the tons for use in the home.

We used to have an awful lot of trouble with the Indians. They would come right into the home and take anything they wished. When we got so we had more food the Indians would bother us all the more.

Father and mother were married in the old country and they had never received their endowments. They were talking of taking a trip to Salt Lake City to receive their endowments. A man from Pine Valley offered to let them borrow his team if they would wait a few days until they returned from a trip back to the east where they had been taken to bring some of

the settlers back. Father and mother decided this was a good idea and so they waited. We had a lot of peaches that we thought we could sell and so we took them north with us. We left for Salt Lake City with a full load of peaches. Father had never driven horses before and we had quite a good time laughing at the way he would drive them. Father was near sighted and so I was allowed to drive the team. I was but ten years old, but I soon caught on to driving and could drive quite well before the trip was up.

We stopped at Beaver for a couple of days and at Cove Fort for one night. The man at Cove Fort sized our outfit up and said that it didn't look as though our wagon would stand the trip. He said it looked pretty weak. He told us to keep it sacked up more or it would fall apart. We left early the next morning and had gone but a few miles when one of the wheels came off. Mother and I walked back to Cove Fort while Father stayed with the team and wagon. The man at Cove Fort made us a wheel out of some red pine wood. Every bit of the work was done by hand. We went on into Salt Lake and did not have any more wagon trouble at all. We stopped at front of the Z.C.M.I. Store. Father went in to see if he could sell his fruit. The owner was very glad to get the peaches, and so father commenced to unload them. He had them about one half unloaded when a runaway wagon and team came down the street. They run right into our wagon and threw it about 100 rods down the street. The peaches were scattered everywhere. People were all about gathering up the peaches and returning them. Almost every peach was saved and sacked up again. When father came out of the store again he asked where mother was and they told him they had taken her to the hospital because she had been quite badly hurt. Father was very worried, but they would not allow him

to leave the scene of the wreck until they had straightened things out. The case was turned over to the county. The county paid all the expenses, mended father's wagon for him, and paid him \$75 in cash for his damages. Mother had to stay in the hospital for two weeks and then we made the return trip home in safety although mother had some trouble and pain on the return trip.

On another trip father and I camped in a little house one night and then we were intending to go on to Beaver the next morning. When we awoke we found our oxen were gone. Father was of the opinion that they had come back home and so we started for Paragonah. When we arrived there they told us that no oxen had passed through there, but father was not satisfied as to this and so he went on as far as Parowan. They told him that no oxen had passed there. Father decided that we should go back to where our wagon was and camp there for the night and then go on into Beaver and borrow a team. We borrowed a team and cart in Beaver and came back and got our wagon load of fruit and took into Beaver. We then left Beaver on foot and started for home. When we got down below Beaver ridge three wagons and teams passed us; They offered to let us ride but father refused. He said he would rather walk, but I rode as far as Parowan and then waited for Father to come. He was not long behind us. A friend of my fathers in Parowan told his son to go with me and look around through the fields around there and see if we could find the oxen. My father was so near sighted that he could not have seen them if he had of gone and so he stayed in Parowan and rested while we went to hunt the oxen. It was not long before we found them just as fat as they could be. When they had wandered away they were very lean, but now they had put on very much fat. We left for Beaver that night to get our wagon which we had left there, so

all in all we traveled those roads a good many times during that trip.

We had the United Order here in Santa Clara during one summer. It began in the spring of 1874. The United Order was headed in Santa Clara by Bishop Bunker and Bros. Tobler and Hafen. Price City down in Nevada was one of the first places where they started the United Order. They called for volunteers to go down here. They especially wanted the young fellows who could work hard. Brother Ensign was a counsiler at that time, later he took brother Bunkers place as Bishop. The young people got so worked up about it that many of them joined. Some of the early people who joined were: Mr. and Mrs. Fzehner, Mrs. Whittwer, Mrs. Ensign, Harmon Gubler(myself) John Gubler(my brother) Mr. Krei, and Trog Graff. When we worked in Price at this time we earned 35¢ per day and boarded ourselves.

I helped get timber from around in these hills for the building of the temple. I also helped build the foundation. I worked for Brother Blake up on the mountain and for six weeks work I got a pair of trousers, a shirt, shoes and a hat.

I have been an active Church worker. At one time I was president of the Elders Quorum. I was married in the St. George Temple in the year 1881 to Salina Gubler. My first wife died August 1929. I married Maria H. Ray December 23, 1931.

Mr. Gobler has a picture of he and his wife and some other pictures that may be obtained for taking prints from if desired.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF CASPER GUBLER

By Casper Gubler, 4 years before he died.

Born in Millheim St. Thurgan Switzerland, August 1, 1835.

My parents died when about 15 years old, when I felt my birth-

place was no longer a home for me. I travelēd 50 miles on foot to Zurich, where I had a brother and sisters there. I found work in a silk and wool factory, and I worked there for one year. After that I went to work and learned the joiner and cabinet work, where I worked as an apprentice for three years. In that time I got in with some Mormon Elders and in due time was Baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the month of Aug. 1854. And soon after received the prēsthood. I was ordainēd a teacher which office I held for many years. After about three years I took leave and said good by to old Switzerland, I emigrated to Utah a part of the journey only 1300 miles was made with hand carts from Iowa to Salt Lake. A tedious journey it was. I arrived in Setp. 1857, well worn out from the hardships on the plains. The times we got to Utah was troublesome The Johnson Army was stationed here in 1858. Indian trouble in every way. To get work was hard.

In 1861 I was called by Brigham Young with many others to open a mission in Southern Utah (called now Dixie) There I made my home and stayed there ever since over 50 years.

I am a pioneer of Utah and Dixie both I held the offices of the Church all but one a Deacon. I went on a mission in 1888 and 1889 to Europe. Switzerland and Germany. I held several offices: Teacher of Ward for 30 years under Bishop Bunker and Marius Ensign; a Sunday School teacher for 15 years; for 12 years President of Elders Quorum, first the second and sixth. I have held the office of school trustee for several years.

Died in Dec, 1917.

Collected by Katie Webb

CASPER GUBLER

Casper Gubler was born Aug .1, 1835 and died Dec. 8, 1917 at the ripe age of 82.

His frist wife Katherina Gubler and daughter Magdalina who he married later. Katherina bore him 2 sons and 2 daughters as follows Jacob Gubler, Casper died when baby Selina and Mary. His second wire, Magdalina bore him one son, Henry and died when he was two weeks old and her mother raised him. His third wife Polena also died soon after her baby was born, her baby also died.

Agnes F. H. Gubler married him in about 1886 and bore him three sons and three daughters as follows: Elleanor H., Casper Ensign, Ida Florence, Rose Ann, Alice Otilia, Samuel Robert, and Emil, all living except Ida Florence. All of the other children are dead except Jacob Gubler who resides atMely, Nevada. He sent his second son Henry Gubler on a mission to Europe.

LIFE SKETCH OF CASPER GUBLER

Written on the 100th anniversary of his birthday.

By his daughter Rose Ann G. Hafen.

It seems that all through his young manhood although his mother and father were dead when he was 15 years of age, there was some one who came to his rescue or something happened to keep him from doing evil or being led off the right track. I think his mother must have been a religious woman, because he was religiously inclined.

After going to Zurich to live with his brother he worked in the baker shop, delivering baskets of bread to customers. He earned quite a little money and was real saving with it. He was sent on an errand to get some wine from the saloon for his boss; this being the first time

he was ever in a saloon, there were men there treating each other and they offered him a drink which he refused, but they still coaxed and finally insisted that he drink with them, but he thought how hard he had worked for his money and he knew they would get it away from him if they could, and it was getting to a point where he hardly knew what to do, he being just a young boy. Just then a friend who was older than he came along and saw what was going on, said to him, "You don't have to drink that if you don't want to, come with me."

My father was never drunk in his life. He was called to Dixie and made wine but used it with wisdom and sparingly.

When he was working as an apprentice at the age of seventeen, the lady which boarded him always gave him hard bread to eat, so hard that when he put his knife into it, it would squeak. An older companion who was working at the same place but getting good wages, said to him, "Don't eat that hard bread leave it at the side of your plate and she'll bring you some good bread." He tried it for a few meals and after that, she always brought him good bread. And so it happened many times someone always helped him out of his difficulties.

He seemed to have very thrifty habits, was very saving and took care of his clothing and money, never wasted anything.

When he became a young man he bought him a new suit of clothes and a couple of cigars and went for a ride on the train. He learned a lesson which cured him of smoking. He had been making good money and spent ten dollars, which he afterwards said that was the only money he ever wasted, for a ride on the train, his first train ride back in Switzerland, had nowhere in particular to go, as he was walking down the streets of the city smoking some ashes fell on the shoulder

of his new suit, which he didn't notice until it had burned quite a hole, he felt so bad about that he decided right there that he wouldn't ever touch it again if that's what smoking did.

He was enticed into the gambling game. He had been making good wages and saving his money, and some fellows knew it and coaxed him to play cards with them, he thought there would be no harm in playing a game or two, so played with them. He noticed they had mirrors hanging all around. He came out winner several times and began to be quite interested in it when some one came along who put him on to their trickery. He took the hint and got out of it just in time.

My father met the Mormon Elders when he was about sixteen or seventeen years of age and was baptized when about nineteen. He emigrated to this country and was crossing the plains at the age of twenty two.

He walked the entire distance of 1,000 miles across the plains with the hand cart company. When crossing rivers he waded through mush ice up to his waist, carrying many over on his back, going back and forth helping to assist the handcarts over. He told us now they used to sing a song which they composed as they went along, it ran something like this, "Some must push and some must pull, up and down the hills we go, never do to give it up so."

He nearly starved from lack of food, they had to deal out rations to them giving them only a pint of flour a day which they could prepare any way they wished and consume all in one meal if they chose. Many times he went without anything, being a big strong husky lad, to give it to the women and children and sick.

But the long tedious journey and exposure to cold with the lack of food, broke down his health and he contracted a very bad cough which manaced his health at different times almost throughout his entire life but as he got older, he finally overcome it. Many times he was laid low for weeks at a time when his young family needed him to provide food and clothing for them.

I never heard a complaining word of father about what he passed through on the plains, for the sake of the Gospel.

He was religiously inclined. I never remember him to neglect prayer in the morning or retire at night no matter how tired or worn out he was, without calling his family together in prayer.

He was very much against following styles or fads, or putting any show. He was not very diplomatic in dealing with his fellow men and often had misunderstandings, there was no deceit, trickery, or dishonesty about him. He learned to be honest and truthful.

He was diligent as a church member. He attended his church duties regularly, sacrament and priesthood meetings etc. He was an honest tithe payer. He was honest in dealing with his fellow men, men of business could trust him because of keeping his word.

He never believed in running in debt. Although he lived in very poor circumstances when in old age he never left any debts. He always refrained from using bad language. He never profained or used swear or vulgar words or told vulgar stories.

While in Salt Lake John D. Lee hired him to help do carpentry work on a large contract. John D. Lee was honest with him and told him he could pay him good wages but, they had poor food.

He worked for him six weeks on nothing but potatoes and black coffee

coffee made out of grain without any milk or cream.

At the time when Brigham Young called him to come down to Dixie to settle southern Utah, he left a good job, was making 6 and 7 dollars a day, making counters for stores. He was very industrious and prosperous as a young man and accumulated quite a little property. He was a first class carpenter by trade doing cabinet work, doors and windows.

He helped to build a flume in Santa Clara. There were many plans went in for the flume but Casper Gubler's plan, was the best and the flume was built after his plan, which stood for 20 years.

He went on a mission in 1888 and 1889 to Switzerland and Germany. The climate didn't agree with him and he was taken ill with a very bad cough, word was sent to the mission president that if Bro. Gubler was not released he would die.

He had told the story of being baptized for his health, that he was too weak to walk and was carried into the cold icy water, they having to break the ice to perform the baptism. He said he walked when he came out of the water, and was almost healed by the power of God.

I think my mother Agnes F. Gubler should be mentioned when rather was called on to go and preach the gospel. Although she was left in very poor circumstances she never uttered a complaining word or any discouraging word, she was willing for him to do his duty. She was left to care for the child Ensign about one year old. At one time while her husband was gone she lived for three weeks with only salt and potatoes in the house.

When father was using an ox team on account of having no feed was forced to turn his oxen out over night on the bench. One morning

when he went to get them his oxen were gone. He found their tracks which were headed for the Indian farm after tracking them for some distance, he discovered an Indian track, which plainly showed that they were being driven by an Indian. He went on and finally he could see them, and sure enough there was the large Indian hurrying them along as fast as he could. Father encircled them and was attempting to drive them back, when the angry, Indian swung his tomahawk in the air and made threats that he would kill him if he didn't let the oxen go. Just as the discussion was getting pretty bad a white man rode by on horse back and saw what was going on and said, "You let this man have his oxen, the Indian gave no more trouble, but slunk off into the bushes and wasn't seen any more. I don't remember the white man's name, but he had a great influence with the Indians.

My father stood out on guard many, cold nights when the Indians were bad.

STORY TOLD BY CHRISTIAN STUCKI*** Retold by Rose Ann G. Hafen

At one time in Santa Clara flour was very scarce. They had to ship it in from Salt Lake, and many were facing starvation for bread. Christian Stucki told me how sick his father (Samuel Stucki) was for the lack of food, had been living for weeks on what was called pig weeds and roots, a sort of wild spinach. Lemuel Leavitt had flour to lend but his father got there too late and couldn't get any, so his mother told him to go to Casper Gubler's. He had just come back from Salt Lake with some grain which he had traded dried peaches for. Christian said he can remember seeing his father go along the street. He was so weak he had to take hold of the fence. Casper loaned him a sack of grain and his wife Katherina was just taking a batch of bread from the oven, and handed him a loaf of bread which he tore to pieces and ate ravishly with

trembling hands. He also loaned him his team of oxen to take the grain to mill over at Washington.

Christian's aid it saved his father's life. He was just a lad about nine years old when this happened.

collected by Katie Webb

JOSEPH GUBLER

July 18 Louise Slack

Well, I guess I know all about early days in La Verkin. I worked for Brother Judd while he built the canal and then ten years later when all the trees and fields were dying because they could not keep the water in the ditch brother Judd told Henry and Jim Pectol and me if we would come out here and live and run the farms we could have all we could raise for three years and he would get some lumber and let us have it to flume the worst places in the ditch. Later we got cement and now the ditch don't give any trouble and there's plenty of water. But when we came here brother Judd had about thirty acres of almonds and five of alfalfa and five of seedling peaches and a lot of apricots. All this upper piece was in grapes and they were all dead or dying for lack of water.

You see they formed a company and sold stock in the La Verkin land as they was going to make it all into a nursery of fine trees. Then they got the water through the La Verkin tunnel and built the canal and it looked like everything was going to go fine and dandy. So they went ahead and planted the trees. I wasn't living here then and while the little trees were growing they planted it to cotton. Brother Judd owned stock in the cotton factory at Washington. Then they began having trouble with the water. You see the ledges that the tunnel came through

were full of gypsum and they washed great cracks and caves as big as a house. Atfirst they brought lint from the factory and tried to stop the holes with that then finally brother Judd got lumber. That was ten years later when I came here to live permanently.

When I first came here I just came to work. I boarded with Eliza and Sam Judd. Brother Tom Judd never lived on the La Verkin. Eliza Judd lived in a wooden house they bought on wagons from Silver Reef. Judds brought two houses that way and people are still using them. When they got the canal finished they expected to go sailing along with no trouble and I guess if they hadn't had trouble I never would have come back to La Verkin. The ditch trouble proved a good thing for me.

After a time they divided up the land and everybody bought land from some of the owners that were in the company. I bought my land for twenty five dollars an acre. Brother Judd had Henry sell land to anyone who wanted to settle here. He sold to Higbees and Wallaces and others. And brother Judd's boys came here later.

When we first came here we worked night and day keeping the water in the ditch. I always slept where I could hear the running of the water as it came through the tunnel. If it stopped, I would wake and many times went barefoot up the ditch and put the water back in.

I got so I wouldn't kill the rattlesnakes because they didn't bite me. Many times when I was bare foot and in the night and couldn't see I passed within a foot of where they lay coiled on the ground. Coming back in the daylight with my shovel I could see the marks they left in the sand and I would kill them with my shovel. Not one ever struck at me unless I molested it and I got to thinking that so long as they didn't bite me in the dark when I was barefooted and helpless I wouldn't harm them in the daytime when I had a shovel and they was helpless.

I don't know much about the first building the tunnel. It was built by the company. Brother Judd promoted and Dave Morris was Secretary and could tell all about that.

I am glad I came to La Verkin and it's a nice piece of land now.

HENRY GUBLER

August 1, 1935
By Louise Slack

I wasn't there when the La Verkin ditch was began and I never worked while they were putting in the canal. When I first came to La Verkin Sam Judd had been running a project which was known as the La Verkin Fruit and Nursey Company.

At that time there were about thirty acres of almonds, apricots, peaches, and grapes. Most of the fruit was seedlings. My brother, Jim Pectrol and I rented from Judds. This was in 1898. At first all the land was run as a company but it was costing too much so they couldn't make it go. So they divided up the land. We, my brother and I bought Roe and Lund out.

I used to represent brother Judd and sold land for him. He had moved out to White River.

The first years we had lots of troubles with the ditch. We had to have to get up in the middle of the night to fix the ditch in the tunnel where the water running through soap stone caused the most trouble. They flumed some of it and we had better luck after we started using cement.

My brother and I had farmed and built irrigation ditches all our life and we believed that it could all be fixed all right. We didn't always agree with Judds on the way to manage the ditch to control the water. I wanted to shoot some rocks at the head of the ditch that was

giving us trouble. Some times the water hitting against them eddied and filled the head with sand and debris and again it would wash out the ditch. I had to get all the owners to vote against brother Judd once to do this. He didn't think we could control the river. He meant well but he just couldn't see how we could do it but I guess I knew more about ditches. It, my plan, worked fine and when the Light Company put more water in the ditch they shot a lot more rock into the river. Brother Judd finally admitted I was right but at first he used to say "You'll never succeed."

After we had been here two years Jim Pectrol went back to St. George, but my brother and I stayed.

Brother Stout was an early settler here. He traded for land and moved a house from the Silver Reef. Later he covered it with rustic and made it look like a new house. Will Hardy brought Sam Judd out, then Duffins moved here and Wilsons and Sanders, Will first then John. Marcelus Wright, Atkin Hinston and George Jones came. Will Savage moved another house from the Silver Reef here.

We worked hard and got our land paid for and our homes built and we feel pretty well satisfied now so I guess we are here to stay.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JULIA HANSON WHO LATER BECAME JULIA HALL
WIFE OF A.L. HALL

I was born near Glenwood, Mill Co. Iowa, Jan, 28, 1860. The following year I came to Utah with my mother, brother and sisters in David H. Cannon's company. An older brother, William Crawford, (son of my mother by a former husband) a young man then of about eighteen years shared the responsibility of bringing the family across the plains. with ox teams.

My father, Nelson Hanson, having left the Mormon Church, went to California taking my brother Andrew, a boy of ten years with him, which nearly broke mother's heart. She never heard from her boy again until he was grown. Father having put him with a good family and gone himself to fight Indians was never heard of after.

When A.J. was a young man he became anxious to find out what had become of mother. He wrote back to some people in Iowa, our former home to find out if they knew where she was. It happened that they did. They at once wrote to mother enclosing A.J.'s letter, I will never forget how over-joyed she was to hear from her long lost boy. It was like a message from the dead. He still remained in California, however where he finished his college education and received his degree as a minister in the Methodist Church. He preached as a Methodist Minister for fifty years, when he retired with a pension, he is still firm in the belief and preaches occasionally when other ministers are taking their vacations. He came to visit mother and the rest of us in Rockville in the year of 1879 after he was married and had a little daughter ten months old at the time. He was very anxious to take me to California with him where he would give me a good education, but I declined as I thought too much of mother and my religion. In fact it caused me to think more of my religion than I had ever done before. I have never seen him since, now a period of 53 years when I am 74 and he nearly 84. His daughter with her husband, Prof. Hitchavarry called on me recently however, a fine appearing woman of 54 years.

Chapter II

On arriving in Utah we settled in Draper, Salt Lake Co. My mother's family consisted at that time of brother William, sister

Amy, brother Lafayayette, sister Sarah, and sister Hannah, and myself. Brother Lafayette died in Draper, age eight years.

The rest all came to Dixie and shared in the hard ships of Pioneer life. In due time they were all married.

William married Carnelia Gifford, to whom a large family of sons and daughter were born. He was honest and upright. No better man ever lived.

Amy, the one like father, possessing business ability, married Almond Draper to whom eight children were born. She died at Springdale of Pneumonia.

Sarah, our peace loving sister, married Alpheus Gifford. She had a large family of children, reared in poverty. Her husband died quite early in life. After living a widow a number of years she moved to Delta and after her children were married she married Nelson Terry. She was 71 years old. They were happy together. Her last days were her best. She also died of Pneumonia.

Hannah, the sister with the congenial and affectionate disposition, made friends of every one. To know her was to love her. Her friends were numbered by her acquaintances, which were many. She married Cyrus Jennings and like the rest had a large family of children. They moved to Arizona where she died after a number of years. Her husband also died a few years later.

And last, I was the scrapper of the family. If anyone tried to impost on me they had a fight on their hands right now. But I over come that as I grew older.

They were all good Latter Day Saints to the end.

We remained in Draper one year and were then called by Pres. Brigham Young to come south and help settle the Dixie country. We arrived in the fall of 1862 accompanied by brother John Langston and family. They were the first white people to settle where Rockville now stands, with nothing but rock and sagebrush and high mountains surrounding them. But their faith in their leaders and the Gospel they loved so well kept their courage up. So they went to work, woman as well as men to subdue all obstacles and wrestle a living from the uninviting surroundings. They made their first house of rough rocks, with mud mortar between to hold them in place. The roof was made of logs hewn out and placed for rafters with cedar bark and a quantity of dirt over that, which when it rained would leak mud all over everything in the house.

Our house, however, was a place of refuge to quite a number of our neighbors who had come in later, and were living in dug-outs. I well remember at one time when there had been an extra long rain and neighbors congregated at our house to escape some of the down pour. There being a dry place in the corner where the bed stood we children were piled into that. While the older people sat up and kept a fire all night to keep warm.

I do not remember any of the trip to Dixie over unbroken roads but have heard the older people tell of the difficulties encountered.

The first event in my life that I can remember was when I was about three years old. There was a large log lying in the yard I would climb onto it with difficulty raise my hands as far above my head as I could reach and say "I'm a-s b-f-g a-s a-n-y b-o-d-y."

and I suppose I kept on thinking that until I was older and got some of the conceit taken out of me. However, I still think I have as much right on the earth as anyone else, be they rich or poor. A characteristic that had gone with me through life.

I was the youngest of a family of ten children, never very strong or robust. I was naturally spoiled as the youngest usually are, but my mother was very firm with us, that we may be strictly honest and truthful. We would be punished for telling a lie quicker than for almost any thing. We were taught the principle of a thing, which she carried out to the letter and which had a lasting impression on her children. My mother was a faithful conscientious Latter Day Saint, always backed by the wonderful brother of mine William R. Crawford. Her patriarchal blessing was fulfilled where in she was promised she would raise a family that should be known as the honorable of the earth.

The chances for education were very meager in those days, but the people did the best they could under the circumstances. Some times teachers were employed who knew but very little more than the children. Schools were not free of compulsory, in these days parents would be required to pay about \$3.00 per quarter (12) weeks. Two quarters would usually be held. Although in poverty mother would manage to send us to school each winter. Our schooling did not amount to much however, until I was about eighteen years of age and my sisters were all married. Then David Stout married and brought Henrietta Box of St. George, to Rockville. Then we had a real teacher. All that I ever learned in school was due to her wonderful ability to teach. I always loved school, would be glad in the fall when school would begin and sorry in the spring when it closed. I always stood in well with the teachers as a pretty

good student. I was usually up near the head of the class, and often assisted others some that were much older than myself.

I kept on going to school until the winter I was twenty-two. Then I was married and a school of a different nature began, that of helping to make a home and raise a family, but I must go back to a few of the things I remember of my childhood.

One time when I was quite a small girl my aunt Clarrissa Terry told me if I would get lucerne for her pig all summer she would weave me a dress. Every day when I would go to take the pig feed I would torment her by asking "Is that my dress?" She kept me waiting until the last of the piece. Then came out a many colored striped cloth for a dress. Was I proud? Well I think that was the first thing I ever earned.

Then there was another circumstance that happened in my life that made a lasting impression on me and I'm sure had been a great lesson to me. One time when I was quite a little girl. One of the neighbors had a job of work to do, I think it was pulling weeds. She told me if I would help her children go the work she would buy me a circle comb. Which in those days was considered quite an ornament. So I pitched right in, working with all my might. But I never heard any more about the circle comb. It taught me a lesson that had gone with me through years of my life; never to make a promise, especially to a child, that you don't intend to keep. You may forget it but the child never will.

At another time I learned a lesson that I never forgot. I had been sent to the extreme end of the town to Sister Hirschi's on an

errand. She gave me something. I don't remember now what it was, but I ran home, tickled all over to show mother. She looked a moment then said, "Did you thank her for it?" I immediately dropped my head for I had forgotten to thank her. Mother took me all the way back and requested that I thank her which I did. But it taught me a lesson that I never forgot as I have always tried to remember to say thank you for the slightest favors.

Another lesson I learned from a dear old Danish lady, a neighbor of ours. It was about borrowing, she said, "always see that your supply of groceries etc. are replenished just before you get out, it will cost no more and will save you the trouble of borrowing and your neighbor the inconvenience of getting it for you and putting it back when you return it." I have tried to remember that and put it into practice.

All my life I have been blessed with the gift or ability to make friends. Which I consider one of my greatest achievements, as good friends go far in smoothing down rough places through the journey of life. I do truly appreciate good friends and neighbors, of course there are always those that don't like you, but I am leaving them out of the picture.

In my early life I never did things by halves, in work as well as play I put all my energy into the thing I was doing. At one time Bishop Smith remarked that I put more pep into dancing than anyone he had ever seen. Mother often said I was either away up or down, full of fun and gaiety, or down at the mouth with the blues. I have tried hard to keep up the grade and cut down the blues, as it is a waste of time and nobody likes to be around one that is always down with the dumps.

CHAPTER III

- So much had been written about Indian raids in early days I will just say the Indians around Rockville were mostly friendly bringing wild berries, pine gum, pinenuts, and other things to exchange for food. Pres. Young always advised the people it was cheaper to feed them than to fight them. However, there were Indian raids occasionally of a serious nature which kept the people ever on the alert, wondering when or where the next but break would be. But when we consider they were being crowded off their hunting grounds one can hardly blame them for retaliating. Probably the most serious thing the early settlers of Dixie had to encounter was the irrigation problem.

You will know it was then as now, nothing could be raised with out irrigation. The people had emigrated from different countries where irrigation was unnecessary. Many of them knew nothing whatever about farming. They had no engineer to survey their ditches in order to get the necessary fall to bring the water into their land. But they went to work trusting in the Lord and using their own best judgement until finally they got their ground watered and crops planted.

There were still difficulties to encounter; when the summer showers came and the chances were that the head of the ditch would be taken out. Floods would pour down the side washed filling the ditches level full of dirt and rocks, which must all be cleaned out before crops could be watered again. There were so few in number it worked a real hardship on them.

Then I remember one summer it looked like the crops were all going to be destroyed by grasshoppers. They came in swarms and settled on every thing green. Fields, gardens, and orchards. Every one, men women, and children turned out to fight them.

Trenches were dug and we drove what we could into them, where they were burned or covered with dirt. It looked like every thing would be destroyed. Then one day when there was an celebration being held over in the old bowary. I think it was the 24th of July. We noticed it looked like a cloud over the sun, on looking closer we found it to be the grasshoppers taking their leave. What rejoiceing there was. The crops were saved.

Then finally there came better times for Dixie; fruit trees began to bear fruit abundance of the very choicest flavor. This was dried and shipped to Salt Lake City and other northern parts by team and exchanged for clothing, groceries, hardware, etc. until Dixie was on the map.

It required four or five weeks to make the round trip to Salt Lake City and back. Now the distance can be covered in less than 24 hours.

Our time was not all spent in tilling the soil. We had our amusements such as social gatherings, fourth and twenty fourth celebrations, dances, spelling matches, debating teams and many other forms of amusements beside Sunday School and meeting with occasional visit from the Church authorities from St. George and Salt Lake City.

The style of dress in the early days was very different from now. Ten yards of material 36 inches wide were required. Six widths being gathered into the tight fitting waist. One could stand straight, take hold of the hem of the skirt and raise the tip to the top or above the head. No glove fitting dressed in those days. Large hoops were also worn at one time. Then later we had the long train where the skirt drag about six or eight inches on the ground, picking up dust and dirt from the street. This style was of short duration however, and

followed by tight basques and plaited skirts which were very pretty. The back being draped in folds, a great number of days would be spent, and hard work was being put on these dresses as the pleats were sewed onto the lining, and button-hole worked for each button. Buttons were sewed all down the front of the basque only one inch apart. That was in my time when I made dresses for 50¢ each.

CHAPTER IV

I was married to Alfred L. Hall Jan. 18, 1882 in the St. George Temple. Our start in life consisting of him owning a small farm across the river from Gragton, where he raised lucern hay, sugar cane, and other crops. He also had a cow that he had earned by herding cows for an old French lady. He also had a little plug team. I had a cow that mother had given me when it was a calf. Also 12 quilts that I had made, having begun to make quilts when I was only 12 years old. a feather bed weighing 20 lbs and costing \$20.00. A good supply of dresses and other clothing all of which I had earned drying fruit, sewing for people, and working in their homes. We went to work with the determination to get the necessities around us. We both worked very hard, were careful in expenditures and lived within our means. We always made it a point not to spend our last dollar but to keep a little on hand in case of sickness or real necessity. Altho there were a great many things we denied our selves we seldom spent out last cent.

Our first baby was born April, 1883. We named him Alfred Lorenzo for his father. He was an extra bright child, and brightened our home with his childish prattle and cute sayings. He was only permitted to remain with us a short time. Our Heavenly Father took him away. He died 18th of Feb. 1886.

Other children were born to us, ten in all which grew to man and womanhood.

Roy the 2nd son died in Lexington, Kentucky, while filling a mission. He died 29th of April 1908. He was a good boy and a hard worker, always on hand to help lighten my load when he could be spared from the farm work. His body was shipped to Rockville, where it was entered in the cemetery. The inscription on his casket read, "In memory of Leroy Hall who died with the Harness on."

We were blessed with a good family of children with whom we took a great deal of pleasure. We tried to make home attractive for them by reading a good interesting story or book to them at night so the noise of the children in the street, that were allowed to run would have no attraction for them. Our neighbor children too, the Jennings's who were early left without a mother, took pleasure in coming to our place to play with our children and listening to me read. Having no mother of their own I tried in my weak way to be a mother to them. I still look upon them as next to my own and they have not forgotten those days, showing their appreciation by calling upon me whenever convenient and often reminding of the lessons taught them in their early life. And the fact that they have no relatives they have seemed nearer to them than Aunt Julia.

In addition to our own children we took an orphan girl to raise, Ella Wright. She was ten years old and she stayed until she was eighteen, when she wanted to see more of the world, and went to Cedar City to work. After staying there for some time she went to California where she got married. She was a very bright intelligent girl, and a good student, always getting high marks in School. She was well respected and we thought a great deal of her. When she heard of

"Uncle Alfs" serious illness she came at once--but too late to see him. He had passed away before her arrival.

Our children were all married in the temple to good honorable companions. They in turn are raising families that are a credit to them. There have never been any criminals or lawbreakers in our family, not one ever having been arrested on the slightest charge. Four have filled missions that were honorable.

Each have filled good responsible positions in the organization at different times and altogether looking through a Mother's eye I feel like we have raised a family we can well be proud of.

I think the most happy enjoyable time in our married life was spent at our Summer Mountain Home at Crystal Ranch, where we had our family all together. At Crystal, our youngest boy having been born there. To be sure there was plenty of hard work to do as there always is in making a new place. But we enjoyed it and was one with our children in their amusements.

That was before they started going away to school or on missions. Then we came to Hurricane where we helped pioneer this place and build a new home. Our children began to be scattered, some getting married, some going to St. George to school, and others going on missions. And one, Harvey going in to the Army in the World War. Until now I am left in the big home alone. My husband having passed to the Great Beyond on the 3rd of Jan. 1934. We spent fifty two years of married life in love devotion. I am now awaiting the call to come, when I can meet him and my children and other loved ones that have gone on before.

In the latter years of our life we have done considerable work

in the Temple for the salvation of the dead. We have enjoyed the work greatly. His whole soul being thrilled with the work. We kept it up together as long as he could stand the trip.

I am still going once each week accompanied by our good friends Brother and Sister Le Baron.

My slogan has always been to speak the best you can of People and not to repeat gossip.

(Died--August 12, 1935)

LORINE ISABEL LAMB HIGBEE

July 13, 1935

I was born Jan. 8th, 1862 at Virgin City(Pocketville) on the Virgin River. I was born in a wagon box that had been carried to higher ground during a storm of rain which lasted forty days the sun appearing but twice during that time.

My parents Edwin R. and Elizabeth Hardy Lamb were pioneers to Dixie in December 1861 being here only three weeks before I was born.

My father was a cooper and a mill right. He was called to Dixie by Brigham Young to make barrels and containers to hold the molasses and wine the pioneers were making.

The first home I can remember was the place where father and mother lived after I was born. It was a square house. The people of Virgin had built their houses in a fort, all facing to the center as a protection from the Indians. There was a public corral for the cows and other animals which were herded by day and guarded at night. Father guarded many times.

The Indians near us were the Piutes. The government or someone sent presents of blankets and often necessities in order to establish

friendly between them and the whites.

I remember Augustus P. Hardy, John Pierce and others coming to treat with the Indians, and how the Indians would gather to receive the gifts. I remember wishing they would give us some of the nice blankets.

We lived in Virgin during during all the early Indians raids and troubles. Even as late as 1885 after I was married we were very afraid of the Indians who stole whenever they could and were not to be trusted.

It was in 1885 that my husband, myself, and two year old son Edwin went to the Nail (Naegle) Ranch on Buckskin Mountains to assist in caring for a ranch belonging to George Naegle whose wife was my sister-in-law. It was while George was on a mission to Germany.

While there Mr. Higbee and his brother Isaac, who had charge of the work, hired an Indian to work at chopping wood, They were to pay him a gun for thirty days work.

The Indian had a wife named Jennie, a nice little squaw. The Indian's name was Pickett. He worked good for a while then he would go off with Other Indians, and neglected his work.

One day Isaac went to Toquerville for supplies. We had let the Indian have our only gun. We had a six-gun but no cartridges and the Indian knew it. So the Indian went away. When he came back he went to chopping wood and Mr. Higbee went out to talk to him about leaving. Mr. Higbee had his two old boy with him. The Indian got mad as soon as he commenced talking. So Mr. Higbee told him he would take the gun away from him. At these words the Indians swung the axe around and threw it at Mr. Higbee who dodged the axe and it fell at the feet of the little boy almost cutting his feet.

Seeing the danger I jumped and ran to them. The Indian then ran to his tent with Mr. Higbee after him. Mr. Higbee knew if he got to the tent where the gun was he would probably shoot them all.

Just back of the tent between us and the tent was a fallen tree. The Indian got into the tent and got the gun and met Mr. Higbee at the entrance. Seeing the advantage the Indian had I climbed over the fallen tree and under the tent, just as the Indian threw the cartridge into the gun and leveled it at my husband.

I knocked the gun into the air and with the aid of the squaw twisted it out of his hands saving Mr. Higbee's life perhaps all our lives. That night the Indian came to our cabin with one who could speak English and told us unless we left the mountain they would kill, burn and scalp all of us. The next three days and two nights we expected violence every minute, then the third morning Isaac came with supplies and cartridges for our gun.

On the third morning here came twelve Indians. Our horses were saddled in front of the house and the men put on their guns and went out as the Indians came up.

They stopped a little distance and sent one Indian to talk to Isaac. They decided to let me and Jennie the squaw each tell the story before they decided what to do. So we did and our stories agreed. The Indian claimed he did not load the gun but I saw him, and the squaw said he did too. After that the Indians said Mr. Higbee was not to blame but they let the Indian keep the gun and he never finished his work. One old Indian call "One Eye" who was feared by all whites and who had been in the mountain meadow massacre still wanted to make trouble but they finally went away. I think they were afraid when they found us

well armed.

We had a good choir in Virgin and theatrical company. The first play I remember was "The Dumb boy of Manchester". I remember Alice Isom and Loraine Beebee had parts that impressed me.

Aunt Lorine Davis was one of my first school teachers. All we studied the first year was our A B C's. We learned them from a blue backed spelling book. We sat in a circle around our teacher and she pointed to the letters frontwards and backwards. When we could say them both-ways we were promoted.

We went from Virgin to the Forsythe saw mill on Pine Valley Mountain. Before we left Virgin my mother had buried two little children one at Dalton and one at Virgin. My sister Helena was only six weeks old when we made the trip to the saw mill at Harmon's Creek our team gave out and Brigham Lamb and Will Gardner came to meet us and take us the rest of the way.

When we got there they put me down and told me to gather some shingles for a fire and I looked up at the tall black trees in the moon light and Oh! I felt bad and said "Well, is this what you call home sick?".

While we lived at the mill my father my sister Caddie and I made the shingles used on the cotton mill at Washington. Once when we were making shingles my sister Caddie got her hand on the shingle block and her fingers were cut off. It was the only time I ever heard father swear. An accident in those days when we were so far from help was a very serious thing.

We came to Toquerville in 1870. We moved from the Canyon here.

I picked cotton after I came to Toquerville. I have also picked cotton for Tom Judd at La Verkin and for brother Bliss on the river bottom. I have raised silk worms.

I have lived in Silver Reef. Father ran an ice cream parlor and we ran a boarding house at Silver Reef. Once we went to a dance there and on our way home we found the boys had a bottle of whiskey. So we filled a similar bottle with strong soda water and put it in its place. On our way home one of the horses took sick and laid down. The boys were deciding what to do when we told them of the soda. It cured the horse and we went on our way. The bell in the Toquerville church is the old fire bell from the reef.

My father and a man from the reef made a raster. With it they crushed ore and ran it through a retort and made bars of silver which were shipped to Salt Lake and sold for three hundred dollars each.

From this my father who was very handy made a model of a churn which he sold to Charles Decker for a Bain wagon. Father could not afford to patent his churn but it was just exactly like the little glass churns we buy today.

While I lived at the reef I took piano lessons from the sisters of charity in the Catholic church there. They had grand balls and big suppers at the reef.

The competition between the Mormons and Gentiles was keen. I was at the ball game when Colonel Wade the Gentiles crack-shot was beaten in a shooting contest by a Danarra boy, Cole Roundy. The grand stand was covered with people. Col. Wall shot and everyone cheered then the master of ceremonies, Joe Hague, called for the Mormon. Roundy had tied his horse in the brush and walked in. He was dressed in overalls, red bandana and an old slouch hat. He walked in and raised his gun and without even seeming to aim, shot centering the bulls eye the first time. The Mormons were wild with joy.

Brother Gregerson had a bunch there hauling wood and one of them,

John H. Lee got home sick. Brother Gregerson asked him what was the matter and he said, "I was just a wondering who scratches Grandma's back while I'm away."

Many were killed at the reef. I was to the funeral held for the Clark brothers. They were both killed one night in China town. They had some trouble and some one put the light out. When they turned them on they were both dead.

One night after we came back to Toquerville my home was raided by Jim McGreary and Johnny Armstrong looking for polygamists. We were in bed when there came a knocking at the door. Richard asked "Whose there" and they answered "Open in the name of the law. We are United States Marshals." This was the first time they had been to Toquerville. Richard sat up in bed and said, "Good God what have I done now." They would not even let him make a light but said they were looking for Spillsbury and Oscar Boker. They searched the house and then started around the house. One going one way and one the other. I had some wooden tubs filled with clear water and setting ~~xxx~~ in the shade of a cupboard at the back. They stumbled over these and fell into my yellow rose bush. You could hear them swear a mile. Essac my brother-in-law heard them and decided who they were and got up and dressed and warned everyone who was living in polygamy so that the officers did not get anyone that time.

- I was postmistress here for ten years. I was commissioned by President McKinley. I was agent for the first bell telephone line that came to Dixie and served seventeen years. Governor Bamberger and Lord both used the phone at my home. I was chairman of the ladies committee that entertained President Harding at Toquerville. I was Relief Society president for eight years. Primary president ten years, counselor

to six mutual presidents. I have been registration officer, school trustee, and chairman of the red cross during the war.

I love to work and like m y parents who were called to this country I have tried to always respond willingly when called.

Collected by Katie Webb.

RICHARD HIGBEE

July 19-----Lourise Slack

I am the son of John H. Higbee and moved to Toquerville when I was about three years old. My father was on his way to the Gila Valley in Arizona. Some of the Mormon Battalion men came back to Utah that way and told father what a wonderful country it was and father decided to go there. When we got to Cedar my brother John M. Higbee talked us into staying in Toquerville. When we first came to Toquerville people were afraid of the Indians and kept someone posted as a look-out most of the time. Father was the guard lots of times and many a time I had to carry his lunch to him.

They made a n old corral over in Hurricane Valley to keep the cows in at night because they were afraid of the Indians. They had a guard at night and herders in the daytime. Inside the corral which had a high rock wall fence and was something like a fort they had a rock house with a high rock chimney. The Chimney was filled with brush and the guard was supposed to set fire to the brush as soon as Indians gave any sign of trouble. It made a signal fire you could see all over. Tommy Willis was a Mischievous youngster and ne night he set fire to the brush and of course every man who could see the fire saddled his horse and rode for all he was worth to fight the Indians and save the cattle. I can still see Brother Bishop Willis when he found out it was just a prank of his

son Tom's and hear him say "Thomas, I'm ashamed of you."

Between Ben Bowens tannery, he used to have a pit full of rotten hides curing to tan at the south of town and Brother Bryners still where he made brandy out of old rotten peaches and had his still at the north end of town. Toquerville was a pretty bad smelling town. That old still smelled bad for years it seemed. You could hardly go on the street.

I used to work for Ben Bowen. He would hire kids to pound dock root with hammers on an iron. He used the dock root to tan the hides. When we had worked so long he gave us a primer.

I remember Brigham Young well. When he was coming for a visit we prepared for it for weeks. We'd save all the butter and cream and eggs and try and have a big spread when he came. Everybody liked Brigham Young. When they'd have all the kids in town out throwing rocks out of the roads for he came. Erastus Snow was the head of the Southern Mission. He was it and we all looked up to him. I remember once we had made a nice rich custard pudding because he was to be there for dinner. This was at Cedar. The kids tried to get there mother to give them a little before dinner so they were afraid it would all be eaten. Their mother promised to save them some but wouldn't give them any then. Kids had to eat at the second table. Well, when it came time for dessert sister Higbee was going to serve it but Brother Snow wouldn't let her but said "Set the pudding here sister and I'll serve it." When he finished there wasn't any left and the kids will never forget it I guess. There was lots of funny things happened in early days. I remember some fellows had a divining rod and they thought it would show where there was metal. Anyway it pointed to a place on the hill called "The devil's hole". No body knew what made the hole and some thought

maybe it was an old Spanish mine. The air in it smelled stale and it was always known as the Devil's Hole.

These fellows got a kettle and hung with a rope in the hole. Tom Wright and I saw them and hid and watched all that went on and when the fellows went away we slópped up and cut the rope. Some one made up a song about it and Rass. Lee gave me a thrashing for singing it. It went something like this:

"O the hole it was dug
and the crock it was found.

Erastus he lifted it out of the ground
O say Alan my wife **you** won't scold me tonight
When I bring home my shiners both yellow and bright
Well, houses and Hills all around about Goulds
And we'll all bless the night
We went looking for gold."

We only had a little strip of grapes but father made wine, raised fruit and I have picked cotton.

I was a member of the United Order in Toquerville. I used to herd cows and weed gardens. It only lasted a little while but that was long enough. Ma never liked it and Pa would say, "Don't talk about, blame it all blame it all."

I was a member of the Kolab Coop Cattle Herd. This was a company organized in which every one here and up the river put all thier cattle. All of the cattle were branded with the same brand. The cattle were run on Kolab Mountain. Riders were hired from those who had stock in the Company. They had a big dairy on the mountain and milked as many as 100 cows in the summer and made butter and cheese. Also they had a meat market and sold fresh meat. I was often sent to get meat for the market. People who had cattle in the herd drew meat and in the fall their share of butter and cheese. It brought lots of foodstuff into the

country. I worked for the Kilab herd eight or ten years and came out five dollars in debt to them. I remember George Spillsbury was the president, Martin Slack the secretary, Bell Hunphreys treasurer, and Bill Wright superintendent of the range and dairies. Other board members I remember were Charlie Stapley and Isaac Duffin.

I knew John D. Lee pretty well and some of his sons. I used to ride with them and knew very well. I liked them they were fine fellows. John D. Lee was a business man, a quiet fellow; a good bright man that always minded his own business. He was hospitable and never passed up anyone in need. The Indians liked him and traded with him. His wife idolized by all the people around Lee's Ferry. She mothered the whole country.

"Oh My yes I knew Lot Smith well. I knew his boys my own age better. He was a leader of men. Bill Lambe, Barbara Forsythes brother was his foreman at Mountain Dairy. The first time I saw Lot Smith he was president of the United Order out at Brigham City. That was in 1880 when we first went to Arizona. My they had a beautiful place at Mormon Dairy. This was a United Order too. I remember I got stuck there just where the road goes on to the bridge. Lot Smith yelled "Give him a lift boys" and by cracky they lifted my wagon right up onto the bridge. While I was there once the dinner bell rang. Well you should have seen the men come running and pushing. It was disgusting. They told a lot of tales about the place. Some places they didn't have a common table but drew supplies from a store house.

Anyway, Mormon Dairy was a pretty place, beautiful lake twenty miles long. You see in those days they had the pick of all the places. Lot Smith was finally killed by the Indians. He drove his cows about a mile to a pasture. The Indians had sheep around there and they kept getting

into Smith's pasture. He had told them and told them. One morning he took his cows down and the pasture was full of sheep and he got a little impatient and pulled out his gun and started killing the sheep. The Indians saw him and started shooting his cows. They then started shooting at each other. He saw the Indians were too many for him and turned his horse and started for the house. One old Indian kept shooting right behind him. He made it to the house all right but his back was full of shot and he only lived about an hour.

I knew Jim Andrus well. I worked with him. He was quick spoken and harsh but he meant well. He certainly was a cowman. He used to buy cattle for lots of concerns. They trusted his judgment. If he had ever seen a brute once he knew it when he saw it again.

We was all rounded up horses for Andrus one day. Everyday a new bunch came in. He was going to make a big delivery. One day he had an old favorite horse come in and the dam thing wanted to buck. Well, we were riding around them and Jim said to me "Here you ride him I'm a little scared of him." I rode around him and hollered "Hell you are no more scared of him than I am." They all got a laugh on us out of Utah. They tell this story about when Jim Andrus caught the Nine Indians who murdered Whitmore. I wasn't there but I heard from eye witnesses. They knew these Indians were the ones they were after and they had them covered at Pipe Springs. Jim turned to one of the men who was in the party and said "I can't shoot them down let's sell them to rein and then get them/" So they did. One old Indian understood what they said and picked up a crooked stick and hit Jim right across the face with it before he started running to let him know he knew they were going to shoot them.

People in early days were opposed to the people of Silver Reef on account of the Reefers being Gentiles. They were not allowed to come to the dances in Toquerville. I got to know lots of the men over there as I worked with them and they were nice boys. I think the people made a big mistake to bar them.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MRS. BROOKS AND MRS. HIGBEE

June 19, 1935

Mrs. H: I am the oldest person born on the Virgin River in Washington County. Edward H. Snow's wife was born in Grafton. She was born after I was.

Mrs. B: I thought a Pym woman claims to be the oldest.

Mrs. H: She wasn't born in Washington County on the river. Jim Jepson is one of the oldest, but there is lots of people older than I am in the county but no born on the river, because St. George was not settled. I was born in Virgin, January 8, 1862. There was a big storm in December which lasted sixty days. I was born in that storm. I have lived there ever since Brigham Young sent them here. My father worked on cooper work, making barrels. We came and went for a number of years. We lived in a fort in Virgin and we milked our cows in a big public corral where guards were all around the corral. My sister could milk but I could not but I could watch to see if anyone was coming. I'm going to write some records of my life because I'm going to join the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. I have a record to write and I want to write it and my father's.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MRS. BROOKS AND MR. HIGBEE

June 19, 1935

Mrs. B: What year was it when you came here?

Mr. H: I came here in 1863.

Mrs. B: What were the times like, and the town?

Mr. H: There was hardly a house on the lower street. There was an old lady, a Mrs. Jane Brown, lived in an old shack of a house on the street.

Mrs. B: Were the Indians friendly?

Mr. H: There weren't very many around then. The Piutes pretended to be friendly. The Navajoes used to raid us here. They came from way out where they are now, maybe a half a dozen of them and commit crimes and steal horses. The whites wouldn't dare to do that. They stole some horses in Kanarra, I couldn't tell you the year of that but, at any rate, Bishop Smith of Rockville went by like all of them, trading. I remember his team and he went into Kanarra and put his horses in a man's corral. He went down a little later to take grain and the bars where down. He took the nose bags off and put the bar up and went back to get hobbles. They were combination hobbles, and he went and hobbled the mules. He they were safe but he was worried so he went back to the corral and the bars were down and one mule was shot in the shoulder with an arrow. The next morning several horses were gone out of the corral. That's where Navajo Lake got its name. They followed the band of Indians and found them camped at Navajo Lake.

Mrs. B: They never killed man but just stole their property?

Mr. H: There was more men killed they claimed by the Navajoes but I believe it was the Piutes. When they settled Kanab they got together and made a fort. About that Indian raid when the Whitmore boys were killed they were killed below Pipe Springs.

Mrs. B: Where were you then?

Mr. H: I was here. They found them. There was snow on the ground.

This Parker says, they were both John, My pa and him, He says, "We found out it wasn't Navajoes doing this. We used to go and stay in the fort and this old Indian would never leave until dusk. We had a business meeting just a few of us. We had a public milking corral and we went down there and dug a hole in the corral and when he came down we knocked him in the head and threw him in that hole and run the cows over and we never had any more trouble." John Parker told my father that's how theym queered a lot of that work. I heard him say that just like it was yesterday. Spilsbury was a stone mason. He built that old house at Kannan. He was the mason on that. That's quite a monument now. He would know all about this. That was the old man, the father of Roan.

Mrs. B: Now, this was a lot earlier than Silver Reef days?

Mr. H: Yes, Silver Reef was in '69.

Mrs. B: Who were the early bishops here?

Mr. H: Bishop Willis was the first.

Mrs. B: I have been keeping Brother Levi Savage's diary. I believe the earliest one was 1870.

Mr. H: South to Virgin and east of Hurricane they had all our cattle, or just this side of Hurricane this country all had a public corral. Also at Berry's Springs. They herded the cattle days. They got quite a joke on Brother Savage. It was his turn to guard and he had a password or countersign. That night it was to be "New York" and the boys knew Mr. Savage was an excitable man and they put up a joke on him. They dodged in on him and he says, "Say "New York" or down you go!" He was kind of an odd sort of man. He was always on the

other side of the fence. Yes, he was quite a peculiar man. He'd go to church and he'd go home alone and preach to himself all the way home.

Mrs. B: Yes, his record always said what part he took in church.

Mr. H: He always turned down our land and mother would say, "Brother Savage is preaching again."

Mrs. B: Now, the time of the polygamists raid, did you tell me they caught one or two?

Mr. H: Yes, they caught Mr. Savage and Bishop Bringham. I believe they kept Mr. Savage. About every six months the officers would come to Silver Reef and they used to sell wine around here and you didn't know who was who and all at once they would make a raid.

Mrs. B: The Reef ran before '76?

Mr. H: '72 to '73 Silver Reef was pretty good. In '69 it started, John Kemple found the ore.

Mrs. B: Now, you've heard lots about the stories of how they found it. How much truth do you think there is in it?

Mr. H: I think it is true. The geologist said it was a hoax, that mineral couldn't exist in sand-stone. They always considered that nothing could be found in sand stone until the finding at Silver Reef.

Mrs. H: I've lived here and grown up here and know the state. I've been a postmaster for ten years. I was commissioned by President McKinley. I have been a registrar agent and was trustee in the precinct, was councilor to six presidents of the Mutual and First Councilor and Second Councilor and President of the Relief Society for eight years. I've a record if it was written up and I'd like to have a written story

of my life before I die.

Mr. H: She didn't say anything about when she was changed out of Relief Society.

Mrs. H: Oh, they change people out of office when they get old and they changed things about.

Mrs. B: Did Buffalo Bill come to this town?

Mr. H: No, Ma'm, Roan Spilsbury went out to Kanab where he was. I think he had the fifty cent piece that Buffalo Bill shot at.

Mrs. H: I was on the committee when President Harding went through and we had a pool table. This pool table was completely covered with flowers and we had twenty-four little girls and they stood two by two with baskets of flowers and we had ropes down the street so that nobody would interfere with the cars. In the tops of these trees the flags were just thick. Oh, it was a pretty sight.

Mrs. B: Well, and we're anxious for Indian stories. We can't find them written up.

Mr. H: Spilsbury lived right across the street and the times were gaem. A guard would ride up and give a warning and the minute men had to go right now and everybody had to give bread and meat and whatever they had and away they went with horses. We had a pair of mules and they was gone all the time, it seems like. Al Spilsbury was with the outfit all the time and Ammon Tinny went to Arizona and was an Indian missionary at Mesa for years. He married two girls, I believe their name was Pane. He was quite a fluent Spanish speaker and he spoke pretty good Indian. He was quite a prominent fellow.

Mrs. B: Do you remember any of Brigham Young's visits?

Mrs. H: I was here, barefoot, on this hill and we'd fix the road up nice.

He spoke here in this hall. I remember George A. Smith and the head men like that. I remember young Brig too, when he came here he rode straight over this sand-hill. He and Erastus Snow came and George A. Smith and Brigham Young was here quite often, a number of times.

Mrs. B: Did they have a big town celebration when he came?

Mr. H: Oh, yeas, everybody went to church and everybody wanted him to eat with them. They didn't have a big town dinner because they didn't make this much of a stopping place.

Mrs. B: Did they try the United Order here?

Mr. H: Yes, it was a failure. I believe it was here a year and I remember I used to hoe on other people's land. Certain of the heads of that thing were too selfish. They could see that it wasn't going to last and they had all the work done on their land, good fences, etc. It worked pretty good in Arizona. I worked in Arizona, was in Orderville and everything was satisfactory. Bishop Esplin was a good, fair man. He was the head man of the cattle business.

Mrs. B: Did you know Lot Smith?

Mr. H: Yes, he was a good man. I knew Lot Smith as well as anybody. He was a scout. He was a very positive man. He wanted some things, he wanted to have all the say so and he wanted all to listen to what he said. He was quite a successful man. They said when he went to Arizona that he located at Sunset. That was in 1880 and that was the first time he and I met, there in that little town of sunset. Tinny's folks said when they got there people coming from all up in Utah and the people felt done for and he would say, "Brother so and

so, just drive in here and stop. We got the finest ranges up here which lays outdoors and turn 'em in the grass and your brand on them and they said they turned their stock in and they were branded to the Circle S, and that's the last anyone saw of the cattle. That was his individual brand. I heard they was good people that told the story. And Lot Smith was a big man with a big beard and no hair, reddish hair and reddish beard. A big man, weighed two hundred and forty or fifty pounds. He was quite a leader, quite a prominent man in anything. You can read his history in the time of Johnson's army. He was pretty brainy but the Indians got him. He wanted to be boss and the Indians didn't agree because they didn't want to submit to him altogether. They had sheep and the sheep was in Lot's pasture and he told them to keep them out or he'd kill them. He went over one morning and killed some of the sheep. The Indians killed some of his cattle and one of the Indians shot him in the back. One of the women said she could see he was shot.

Mrs. B: I'm glad to get that description of him. Did you ever know Porter Rockwell?

Mr. H: No, Ma'm.

Mrs. B: Did you know Jacob Hamblin?

Mr. H: He had a red beard. He used to come through here. I never saw much of him.

Mrs. B: Do you remember John D. Lee?

Mr. H: Yes, he was quite a good man. He came through here quite often, going through here to Virgin and House Rock. His headquarters were in Harmony and some times in Washington. The rock house stands in Washington that he built. It's a street running north about a block and

half from the main road.

Mrs. B: I was going to tell you I got into the records at St. George and
He was an educated man.

Mr. H: He was quite a financier.

Mrs. B: That affair was quite a thing.

Mr. H: You can't always blame them. Those people were driven to some
things. It was a bad thing and could have been avoided. There were
lots of things done on the impulse.

Mrs.B: He writes a beautiful hand.

Mr.H: There's lots of those Lee's in Arizona.

Mrs. B: You'd have been too young to remember about the incident?

Mr. H : Yes, Ma'm, that was in '57 or 8 and I was born in '59.

Mrs.B: Then the Reef started up in '69?

Mr. H: If I could have that paper of mine. It was written by John Kemple
and those old original discoverers of Silver Reef.

Mrs. B: Well, there was a time when the Reef was at its height and they
tried to make it the county seat.

Mr.H: That's when they came around and wanted this town and river to join
Washington County. This was the county seat of Kane County. Then
we were in Kane County. This side of the Hall was where the building
stood and they had a jail and a bank and a county safe.

Mrs. B: They got you to join Washington County.

Mr.H: It took in all up the river and they fell for it, the same as
falling in the hands of the Gentiles.

Mrs. B: I knew there was a time when they wanted to move the County Seat
to the Reef.

Mr. H: That's why they combined these towns. The old street at the Reef
looks bare.

Mrs. B: Did they have regular streets?

Mr. H: They had a main street that went up the ridge of the Reef to where the old Wooley, Lund and Judd Store is. The main street went right up past there. The houses were as thick as they could be together. There were some bad shooting scrapes there. I knew that man they hung in St. George well. He cut a man there almost in two for no particular occasion. He had hardly a word with him. He was ah real young murderer. They claimed that he was a murderer before he done that. I knew the officers there pretty well. I knew the Clark boys and lots of them.

Mrs. B: I read in some of the records about the big horse races that they had there then.

Mr. H: That was on the Bonanza flat and shooting matches. There was a Colonel Wall there. He was a big man and had been a colonel in something. He was a good shot. There was lots of money there then. This old big building where the old Naegle building was built by or out of the lumber that came from Trumble Mountain by horse teams. That was like the St. George Temple and all that bit cut rock came from Grapevine Springs. Old man Naegle had it hauled and cut here. It would have been a beautiful house if it had been finished.

Mrs. B: It was this polygamist raid that chased him into Mexico?

Mr. H: Yes, it was.

Mrs. B: They said he had seven-wives.

Mr. H: Yes, he had seven but one left him. I knew six of them. We was just talking about it this morning. Mrs. Slack and us and we said that men who were well off made their money by wine. Old man

Naegle made about five hundred gallons of wine and sold it at two dollars a gallon. His wives dished it out to you. Old man Kleinman, Spilsbury and Jackson had big vineyards.

Mrs. B: There is nothing this country will grow better than grapes.

Mrs. H: Well, in the days of Silver Reef they could sell it as fast as they made it. Miners would come here from Silver Reef. They'd buy it by the fifty gallons. Old man Bryner made whiskey. The soil was adapted for wine grapes.

Mrs. B: This town is older than Hurricane?

Mr. H: Oh, many years. Hurricane isn't old at all. I bought one of the first places at La Verkin Bench. Virgin is one of the oldest towns in the south, older than this town. Springdale and Rockville came afterwards.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN DAVID McMULLIN AND WILMA HARTMAN

June 20, 1935

Mr. M: When I came to Dixie I was six years old. We came down here in '62.

Miss H: Was there any buildings here then?

Mr. M: Along the creek in Harriesburg. Before Dixie was ever settled at all there was a man in the Quorum of twelve apostles by the name of Amasa Lyman. He took a colony of people down to settle San Bernadina, and they established that seaport town San Diego. Then that mission broke up and they was coming back and Moses Harris--they had send a colony down there to raise cotton in Washington then a lot of the people from San Bernadino came back, Harrises among others, to settle in Washington first with that colony that was there and by

and by Moses Harris came up to where this stream of ours went down through Harrisburg, where it entered the Virgin, and settled there. Floods washed land away and they came up to Harrisburg Canyon and the land was washed away, there, then they came on up to Harrisburg. The first beginning in Dixie was in Washington to try to raise cotton and those that went ahead to San Bernadino came back and stopped off at Washington and helped to build that place up and then after that Moses Harris came up to where our creek entered the river and the river was in a little creek and there was grass and trees all over of all kinds. There was lots of cottonwoods and birch and there was just a little stream with lots of fish in it. All kinds of fish and there was for a year or two in it. After that when the clouds came up and floods washed that out and there is a big gorge there now. My parents settled in Harrisburg first and they both died there. As a boy I used to drive cows up here by that spring up there by the Hogin place. A man by the name of Allen Taylor had three wives and his wife settled there and she ran the place herself. We used to bring the cows up here and herd them up here on the East Mountain. The Indians was always a little troublesome. The Piutes would steal cattle but the Navajoes got to coming here and the Piutes helped them out and they drove off five hundred head of cattle here in Dixie. They gathered them up in below St. George, and then we organized a militia and I was in it. I was about ten years old and we guarded at home while the older ones were out in the field. There was six forts besides one out at the Pipe Springs. I and Brother Brig made up for one man and we had to take our regular guard and we had port holes in the forts so we could shoot

to every side. The time went on and the Navajoes kept coming and we had lots of squabbles. They killed one bunch. That was one morning my brother Will and I had a pair of horses run away in the night and Wallis Stirling was out hunting a cow and we saw Indian tracks and we reported them. Will and me came in and Wally Stirling saw the tracks and we found the horses and they scattered out and we thought there was some forty Indians and we came in and Wally came and saw Dick Ashby and told Dick to get a man on a horse as soon as he could and get him to Toquerville. There was a telegraph line from Toquer to St. George and Joe McCleave went to Toquaer. He got the message off to St. George and he had John Barris in Harrisburg by the time we got there. The Indians were tracked. The tracks were deep according to the number of Indians---they all walked in the same track. After a ways the Indians scattered and there was about forty four of them. He got to this place where the militia said he'd cross and he arranged for them to meet him at a certain time the next morning on the Hurricane Hill. Wally Stirling was one and Joe McCleave and they met him there and rode on out that way and Barris knew the Indians Habits. He knew that they would have a fire by daylight and he saw the smoke rising out of Rock Canyon and so he put his men in three different bands, about thirty-five men in each bend, and he put them so that they came on the Indians one bunch from behind, one down the canyon and one bunch straight on them. They began to fire on them and the Indians gave a war whoop and they only had bows and arrows. They almost shot Jim Andrus, and they did hit his horse. That fight went on clear out to Kanab and there was only one Indian got away. I think there was forty-seven Indians. No white man was even wounded. Jim Andrus's

horse threw his head and he never was any good any more. The men were armed with six shooters and repeating rifles.

The Navajoes kept raiding in this country for quite a while and finally Jacob Hamblin went out and made kind of a piece with them. They were a big, strong tribe. They got Government Forts right soon after that out in that country and then the Navajo troubles ended after they got government soldiers there. Jacob Hamblin was a preacher and teacher among the Indians and he had great influence with them and the class of Indians that were inclined to be religious he could reach them and he did a great deal of civilizing work among the Indians.

Miss H: Did you know Lot Smith?

Mr. M: I don't remember of ever seeing Lot Smith but I know all about his coming down through here once.

Miss H: Did you know Porter Rockwell?

Mr. M: I don't know. I've heard old Porter's story lots of times but at any rate he was a high-way robber and Joseph Smith was riding along and he raised up out of the grass with his gun and told him to halt and give up his money and Joseph got to talking with this fellow and got him to ride along with him quite a while and he got to converting him and he became Joseph Smith's body guard and he was an illiterate man but he got taken up with Prophet Joseph Smith and quit that kind of work and then he came out here with Brigham Young. He was dressed in buckskin and he had long braids. But that grew out of a promise that Joseph gave him at the time he robbed Joseph and he came to be Joseph's body guard and of course came here. I remember seeing him. He came and into California and bought horses and traded them off here.

He was quite an Indian man too.

There was an old Indian we called him McConnel, that always called this creek his own, he claimed it. We took that old fellow and provided him with everything he wanted but he would go off once in awhile to have a big pow wow with his tribe but he lived and died here. The fellow that first found him was named McConnel. They settled in Cedar City later. The Indian told him he didn't have a name so McConnel said he would give him the name of McConnel. The old Indian always said his name was McConna because he couldn't say McConnel.

Miss H: What about the schools here then?

Mr. M: My first school teacher, the first time I went to school was only two or three days in school. I was sent to school about three days and some bigger boys and I got in a fight and I got the worst of it. Coombs was the name of the teacher. The next year afterwards I was six on the tenth of June and there was a girl that had some education and I believe she was married although I'm not sure, she went around town and got names to subscribe to the school and so father had my name put down and I went to the school and I don't know how long the school run but at any rate that is a story I have never tried to tell but there was a girl in Harrisburg and I heard her telling some women and she said "I'll get Dave and bring him in to you," so I hid. There was an incident up in my mind but I have never talked about it. I don't know whether I will for long know only that there was a man just before that school dismissed, a stranger, and he was oddly dressed and he said "I'm looking for a boy." Right in front of me and the man said, "No, you're not the boy I'm looking for." He looked me over and he came to me and said, "You're the boy I'm

looking for." And he told me a story I'm not going to tell and made me promise that I would do it but I never done it because I never had the opportunity but I had one of the strangest times getting home for a six year old. But there was a girl there that heard it all and could tell it all as well as I could. I never did talk about it. It didn't suit me to tell about it. If it ever comes true--what he told me to do--it will be time enough to tell it then.

Miss H: Who was your first school teacher in Harrisburg?

Mr. M: Her maiden name was Mary Averett. She lived in St. George. She and her brother came to Dixie.

Miss H: What kind of entertainments did you have?

Mr. M: We had candy makings, and dances. We made the candy out of sorgum. We had fiddles at the dances, some guard fiddles. Marker made him a guard fiddle but he wasn't much of a musician. My father was raised on a group of Islands just off the coast of Rhode Island and Wildford Woodruff came there and father was being trained to be a sea man and this man Woodruff was the President of the church. He came there a young man, and another fellow was with him. Father was ready to take a degree in regard to being a sailor or ship(s) captain. They looked like gentlemen so he went to hear them and he went in and this man that was with Woodruff wasn't much of a talker but there was one verse of the first chapter of St. James in the Bible that said "Be ye not only hearers but doers of the Word" and father said it was like a flame of fire that went through him when he heard that. He listened to that sermon and then broke off from his education and it wasn't long until he was a Mormon Elder. Then they came over on the main-

land and mother's people were converted. Mother was Martha Richards. They gathered up a company and got wagons and teams, horses, mules, and oxen and journeyed to Nauvoo. They were in Nauvoo from the beginning till the Mormons had to leave there. They crossed the plains in 1848.

Miss H: What do you remember about the days of Silver Reef?

Mr. M: I was away from home when the John Kemple found silver and this fellow, Barbee, came in here, he was here when I left and went out to work. Then I heard that they had started work here so I came back. I hauled the second load of ore that was ever hauled from the mine to the mill. A man by the name of Joe McCleave drove into the shute where they hoisted the ore up into the wagons and he loaded the first load and we loaded my load and those were the first loads of ore hauled in Silver Reef.

Miss H: Was it Joe McCleave that killed himself?

Mr. M: No, that was John McCleave, his brother. I worked in all the mines Silver Reef, and I worked in the mills. I started out wielding the ore out and putting it in the rock breaker and finally came to be an amalgamate. Towards the last I helped to melt the bullion and there was only two of us only when the mill was running. Bob McQuarrey had charge of it and I was his helper.

Miss H: Do you remember the big fire up there?

Mr. M. The first fire I was up in the Blue Spring Mountain when it first caught fire and we could see it all plain. And they had another small fire after that and I helped put it out.

Miss H: What were the times like?

Mr. M: There was plenty of grass and you could get a fat beef anytime, but

they did get a little thin in the winter. There was good range all over when we first came here. Silver Reef helped to make times good. There was five thousand people in Silver Reef at one time and there was lots of people living in Leeds. There was up to between two and three thousand for quite a long time in Silver Reef. But we had some kind of hard times but we always had meat and some times we had to ration corn bread. They raised corn and they made bread out of cane seed, too. Cane bread is better to me than corn bread. We had plenty of sorgum all the time, the yearround.

I married Caroline Ruth Praker, January 26, 1882. We were married by David Cannon.

INTERVIEW WITH MRS DAVID MCMULLIN

June 20, 1935

My folks came here in the hand cart company and Daniel D. McArthur was the captain of the company. They were very successful in crossing the plains although they were short of provisions and I've heard mother tell many times that she went without her supper that the children might have more. When they left Salt Lake they came to American Fork and stayed there two winters and father taught school there the two winters. Then they left and came to Beaver. They were considered among the early settlers of Beaver. They suffered lots of hardships there because the grass-hoppers took their crops, but the trout from the Beaver Creek was plentiful and they helped out wonderfully. Then father was sent to Washington to work in the factory. They needed a man for the warper and they couldn't get any in this part of the country and they wanted him to come down there and do that so that's what brought us to Washington. We prospered while there and did very well. We came to Leeds fifty-three years ago when I was married.

Before my father came to America he was a traveling elder at the age of nineteen and he converted my mother to Mormonism before they were married and she was the only one in her family that joined the church. His people were working people. Father and mother worked in the factory at Lancashire, England. Mother was raised on a farm. Buffalo was what they were afraid of in crossing the plains.

Father and mother were lovers just before the Queen Victoria was crowned Queen of England. They marched in the procession with thousands of others. Mother told us about the dress she herself wore. It was a pale blue silk, made by hand, and was ruffled from the waist to the hem with small ruffles about one and one-half inches wide. Mother was born the same year Queen Victoria was.

HEBER NAEGLER

July 25

Louise Slack

My father John C. Naegle was born in Germany. With his half brother to hear the prophet Joseph speak. He was converted. When they called for volunteers for the mormon battalion he joined as he was an unmarried man. He was in California working on a mill race at the time gold was discovered. After that he panned gold until he had a big bag of dust. There was quite a bit of thieving going on so he picked out a tree to remember the place by and dug a hole and buried his gold. When he laid his sack in the bottom he got a big flat rock and placed over it and then filled up the hole. Another man decided to bury his gold and chose the same tree; the same spot. When they went to dig it up the second bag was gone but who ever stole the gold must have thought the rock was the bottom of the hole for father's gold was save under the rock. After father made his stake panning gold he went back to Indiana where he married Aunt Louisa. He married Mary L. Kepple also and

went back to San Berdino to live. There were lots of Mormons living in California at that time. Here he farmed a while then Brigham Young advised the Mormons to return to Utah. Father was quite well fixed at that time but he sold his ranch and with about one hundred and fifteen mules and ponies he came back to Utah. In Utah he found the church in need and donated very liberally to Brigham Young for the church at that time.

He settled on a ranch near Lehi at where Saratoga Springs are and grazed his cattle and ponies and mules in Cedar Valley. That winter he was raided by the Indians and they only left him 15 head of mules and ponies.

He had been born in Germany in the wine belt and knew how to make good wine so he was called by Brigham Young to come to Dixie and make wine. The plan was to buy up all of the grapes and make a very fine quality of wine. This was to be shipped to Salt Lake to a depot there and Brigham Young was going to find a market for it.

Before the plan had succeeded Brigham Young died. People finding that they could sell wine at this depot in Salt Lake took poor quality wine there and the market was ruined.

Father had built a big rock house with a cellar and had invested lots of money in barrels and equipment. It was in the early sixties that he came to Toquerville. He had not sold his farm at Saratoga but I lived there during that time with my mother and others.

After he gave up the wine business he moved what stock was left to buckskin mountains. It must have been in the late sixties as I made my first trip to buckskin when I was ten years old and I was born in sixty four. Father had been settled on buckskin several years at that time. We never had any trouble with the Indians. Father was a

great friend of the Indians. Chief there. He would say "Nails Boy's don't kill Frank's deer. Frank's boys don't steal Nail's cattle." The place where we lived was and still is known as Nails Valley.

A little later the sheep kept crowding in on father and spoiling the range for cattle so father moved to a place called Poncho on the Little Colorado, a place near St. Johns.

We dairied on the mountain and made fine butter and cheese but it was mostly for our own use.

It was while we lived in Arizona on the little Colorado that I knew Lot Smith who lived below us. He was a good neighbor and I liked him. He was kindhearted and hospitable and fond of entertaining. After we had operated in Arizona for a while father got discouraged and undertook to move back to buckskin. However the sheep were more trouble than ever and it was set aside as a national park so he sold some of his cattle and drove the rest to Mexico where he lived until he died.

Father lived on the ranch during the raids on the polygamists so he did not have much trouble keeping out of the way of the federal officers. I think it was a divine principle and was all right when people tried to live it as it was taught. I also think that it was stopped divine revelation. Aunt Louisa my Father's first wife was one of the finest women that ever lived. Few were her equal and none her superior in my estimation. She was at home when we were visiting at the finest homes in Salt Lake. She was a perfect lady refined and cultured. She could milk a cow or help with any of the work, and she was a god-mother to all the children. I remember some of our folks in Toquerville

raised silk worms but I was either at Lehi or buckskin during the early days of Toquerville. I did not come to Toquerville myself except to visit until 84.

According to father Brigham Young was in truth "the lion of the Lord". He had a grand personality and you felt honored to be called to help with his work. Personally father was better acquainted with George A. Cannon. He met him first in California, He used to stay with father when he was making so many trips back and forth from the Islands. He visited us many times in Saratoga and we always stayed his home when we had business in Salt Lake. He was a fine man with a fine family.

Porter Rockwell was a neighbor of ours in Lehi. He operated his cattle west of father at Saratoga Springs. He was a fine man and a good neighbor. He was a cautious man. Once when Johnson's army were coming into the country Lot Smith and he were to stampede their beeves. They came up to where they were grazing and Lot Smith started whooping after them. Rockwell wanted to get out his glasses and scout around as it looked so easy he was afraid of a trap but there was no holding Lot Smith who had them going in no time. The guard begged them to leave a few to eat so they cut out a bunch of drags and left them.

I never knew John D. Lee but I have heard he was a brave frontiers man. The company he massacred were deserving of punishment and were able and should have been made to pay for the many of the outrages they did coming down the state. They had stolen beeves and eaten them and turned their mules in people's fields and did much to arouse the pioneers. This I do not think is sufficient excuse for the massacre however.

Father was a great dancer and loved music and song.

I bought stock in the Hurricane ditch two or three years after it

started I think I was one of the first if not the first to sow grain on the flat, and I built one of the first shacks on the flat. When I first plowed and sowed my farm was just as level as a floor and before the season was over it was full of big red sink holes.

The people of Hurricane opposed the Toquerville people so not many stayed in Hurricane.

I still feel that there is a great future in choice fruits and grapes in Dixie. When I was on my mission I made it a point to sample grapes of Italy; France; and Germany and they are not as sweet or fine flavored as ours.

Also the hillsides raise better grapes than the valleys and we have so much valuable hill side land. I would like to see water stored and it all farmed.

INTERVIEW OF FREDERICK REBER.

My father Frederick Reber was born at Etenback Co. Bern Switzerland in 1835. My mother Anna Marie Lang was born at Urtenen Co. Bern, Switzerland in 1837.

My father was a day laborer and met mother while working on the Central Railroad. He was a rail switchman.

When my father went to see his girl the boys in her town ducked him in a water trough.

I was born in Urtenen, Co. Bern, Switzerland in May 14, 1862.

My parents joined the L.D.S. Church in 1872 and in 1873 we came to Santa Clara. My father's brothers John and Sam also came to this country in 1860. John met us in Salt Lake and brought us to Santa Clara. The day after we got to Santa Clara John was killed. His horse

threw him on the wood pile.

In Santa Clara my father and mother made adobes for about half the houses. The children would also help. I had three brothers: Ernest, John, and Orson. I had four sisters: Mary, Lena, Paula and Freda. Later father got a team and took some land on shares. He rented the Stately home. Later we moved to the Whitmore house. We planted 1,000 grape vines to pay for the rent. Later on he bought Charlie Hildebrand place. When father was 89 years old a bull bunted him through a fence and killed him.

When I was 12 years old I was herding the town herd of cows. A dog frightened the horse I was riding and she jumped and threw me off. My foot caught in the stirrup and I was dragged by the horse for about a block. My leg was badly cut and I had a bad gash cut in my head. Once I went to Mt. Trumble. We had no matches so we decided to try and make a fire by shooting a gun into some cotton. We did this and made a spark in the cotton. Then I dumped some powder on the spark. It exploded and burned my face very badly. I married Mary Frei in October 1885. We had three girls and 2 boys. We buried two girls. One was drowned in a ditch. Our children's names are: Frederick, Mary Jennette, Rhoda, Emma, Margaret, Leo Frei Reber. I was working on the road between St. George and Enterprise in 1919. I was doing the powder work. A stick of powder exploded while I was tamping it in. It threw my right wrist out of joint and they amputated my right hand. It has been very hard since then for me as it is hard for me to get work.

Collected by Katie Webb.

AMELIA THEOBALD SLACK

July 8, 1935

Louise T. Slack

I am the daughter of William Theobald and I was born at Duncan's retreat and lived there until I was five or six years old. We left there because the floods washed away our home and came to Toquerville.

My mother told me about the Berry brothers and one of their wives being killed by the Indians. My mother helped "lay out" their bodies for burial.

When McIntyre was killed by the Indians my brother George was one of the party that found his body and helped hunt the Indians. He also helped hunt the Indians who killed the Berry brothers. The way they found McIntyre's body was. It was winter and the snow was on the ground. They could see where the snow had been disturbed and they found the body in a grave the Indians had dug. Later they found the Indians. They were wearing McIntyre's clothes.

When we first came to Toquerville we lived in a log house. My mother could spin and weave both. She had two changes of clothes for each of us. As she was proud she kept one for Sunday and one for week days. Saturday night after she had given us our baths she sat up and washed so we would have clean clothes for Monday morning. Mother once wove a vest for father of dogs hair. She also made sandals.

Father was a rustler and a good farmer. As soon as he got to Salt Lake he started plowing and had a crop of grain the first year which he shared with his neighbors. In Toquerville he raised hay, grain, and fruit. As my brothers were married father took my sisters and I to the field with him. We helped put up the hay and herded cows. Father

made big wooden rakes and we raked between cocks of hay so nothing was wasted.

I learned from my mother to make quilts, to sew and crocket. I love to work. I learned to crochet. When I was only seven years old.

My first piece was a diamond pattern tidy that I gave my mother for Christmas.

I remember well when the officers were hunting the polygamists. Ash Nebeker had married one of my sisters and she stayed with us a long time. One time Lizzie and her baby were at my house and Miss Burke came to see me. Lizzie hid in a back room but the baby kept cooing. And finally Miss Burke asked whatever it was we could hear and I told her I had a hen a setting back there. Whenever the Federal officers came a riding up and down the streets on their pretty fancy horses all those who had too, hid.

I was glad when they quit making wine as I always hated it. It was the worst thing we had in the early days.

CAROLINE LAMB SLACK

JULY 23

I am the daughter of Edwin R. Lamb and Elizabeth Hardy Lamb. My father was a cooper and was called to Dixie to make wine barrels and barrels for molasses, and tubs and buckets. I was born in 59 and in 61 my people came to Virgin. About the only thing I remember of that first years in Virgin was the terrible flood. My mother was sick and living with her bed in a wagon. It was when my sister Lorry was born and the men had to carry the wagon box to higher ground. People's home belonging and everything went down in that flood. It rained for forty days the sun only appearing twice in that time. A Mrs. Finney had a baby born. She was almost washed out of the cabin. She named the

baby Marvelous Flood. About a year after we went back to Salt Lake and came back the following winter.

Father put up a cooper shop in Virgin. From Virgin we went to Dalton where father put up a two roomed cooper shop besides the house we lived in. There we planted cotton and melons. I've picked cotton with the little Indians, the little naked devils.

We lived there until I was eight years old. I went to school to Aunt Lorine there. We used to hold our celebrations on the fourth and twenty fourth in a lovely grove of trees below Grafton. We used to go there for good times when Brigham Young came.

The summer after I was eight years old we went back north to Farmington and stayed all summer there. Pa coopered there and the next spring we moved back to Virgin. While we had been in Farmington the Indians had got so bad that the people of Virgin had built a fort and everyone lived in the fort. I remember Brigham Young well. He was good and kind and shook hands with all the little children. It just seemed like heaven when he visited us. He was one of the best men that ever lived. From Virgin once we had a procession go and meet him. My sister Tony and I lead the procession carrying a banner. On it were two little lambs and under it was written "Ed Lamb's pets."

We were afraid of the Indians especially the Navejos. The Piutes were more friendly. I used to milk cows when we had to have guards to watch the cattle. You bet I always got my milking done early. The pickets in the fort were put in upright so the Indians could not see where the guards were standing.

We lived in Virgin until 69 and then we moved to a shingle mill on

Pine Valley Mountain. (Forsyth's Mill). Here we made shingles and lumber. We made the shingles for all the houses in Bellview- now Pinture- and for the cotton factory at Washington. We lived here three summers and then moved to Toquerville where father put another two room- ed cooper shop up.

At Toquerville we used to have what we called the Lyceums they were held once a week and were something like our mutuals. They were programs by the people for everyone's entertainment. Brother Spillsbury was in charge of them in Toquerville. Dolly and I sang almost every Tuesday.

Chris Jacobs used to play for our dances. The boys would pay him with pumpkins or squash and we had lots of good times.

We had to work hard in early days and I was hired where there was sickness many times.

When we first came to Toquerville, I taught a little school of needlework I taught crocheting, netting, and tatting. An Indian Girl who lived at Stapley she was as clean and nice as a white girl, came to my school and learned to make lace. I was paid with molasses.

I made all the fancy work on Tom Willie's baby Joe's layette and got my pay on Duffin's store. I used to embroider yokes on under clothes I got \$1.50 apiece for them. I got first prize in the fair for an underskirt I made. I wore it when I was married and my three oldest girls were married in it. I took in plain and fancy sewing all my life and raised eleven children.

We went to the temple in St. George when it was finished and were sealed. Erastus Snow was a very good man. I remember him well.

I never saw John D. Lee but once. Father pointed him out to me.

I have heard my people talk of him. He was a very hospitable man. It seems surprizing he should have led such an undertaking but I guess the company did much to stir up the people against them. They claimed they were the ones who murdered the prophet Joseph and made many foolish threats and boasts and taunted the people with their hardships and poverty.

I remember when Uncle Gus Hardy, Thales Haskel and Irie Hatch came here and camped in Toquerville and made a treaty with the Indians. Uncle Gus was an Indian interpreter. The government had sent blankets, boots, and hats to the Indians. Uncle Gus stood on a flat form and talked to the Indians who were gathered thick about him. He told them why the government was sending the presents.

I remember the Silver Reef well. It was a violent place. I remember a man named Tom Forrest knifed a overseer in the mine. The overseer was a well respected man with a family. Uncle Guê Hardy was the sheriff at the time. To took Forrest to St. George and put him in jail but a crowd from the reef came and got him and hung him to the flume.

I have helped make bullets in early days. We made them of lead in molds.

We used to burn cotton wood and get the ashes and keep them in sacks. We would put the ashes in a barrel and pour water over them and let it drip slowly through. This water we added to grease and made soap.

We used to make our own good times. Father got up a minstrel show when we lived in Virgin that they took to Cedar. I always went to singing school when I first came to Toquerville. After I was married I

belonged to the choir.

The mulberry trees, most of them, were planted to feed silk worms. They had a big table of silk worms at Mrs. Bryner's house. She fed them, ~~the~~ mulberry leaves and sent the cocoons to St. George where they were made into silk.

I have helped raise and dry lots of fruit; peaches , grapes, and apricots. We dried thirteen hundred pounds of apricots one year and sold them in Idaho.

My father never made wine but my husband has made lots of wine and molasses.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MRS. BROOKS AND MRS. SLACK

June 19, 1935.

Mrs. Brooks: Your people didn't leave any records did they?

Mrs. Slack: My mother kept some of the state but none of this part of the country.

Mrs. B: Now, your sister is Mrs. Higbee. I had an interesting talk with her. How old were you when you came here?

Mrs. S: About ten and so was Mr. Slack. He came that much earlier than I did. My sister and I halped make the shingles for the factory at Washington when it was first started.

Mrs. B: Do you remember Brigham Young or any of his visits south?

Mrs. S: I rememberrhim coming to Virgin. There is one little item I would like you to get. I was over to Hurricane before Sister Isom died and she brought to my mind. We lived at Virgin and he was coming and our name was Lamb---I was about eight years old. My sister and I lead the procession with a banner with two lambs on it and on it

was written "Ed Lamb's Pets". He usually came in a buck-board but he always stopped at Bishop Willis's and we didn't have a big town dinner but programs and a big time. I can't remember of his ever dancing here. He was a real man, President Brigham Young. He shook hands with us all. He isn't like our President now. He don't know where we live.

Mrs. B: You wouldn't be old enough to remember any of the Indian scares?

Mrs. S: Yes, my husband will remember more than I will. We lived at Duncan or this side of Dalton. And there we used to have our big celebrations. If you notice going to the park between Grafton and Duncan there is a grove of trees and there's where we had our big time when Brigham Young came. The people never missed the Fourth or Twenty-Fourth. It was always celebrated.

Mrs. B: I have the diary of Old Brother Levi Savage and I wondered if you remembered him very far back? He had the three women. Do you remember when he went to the "Pen" for polygamy?

Mrs. S: Well, I remember of his going and Bishop Willis.

Mrs. B: You see the diary is what he had written but I couldn't gather much from it about him as a man and I wondered if you had any memory of him.

Mrs. S: Yes, he was with me when my daughter Jenny was born. He was a good neighbor.

Mr. S: He came here from Kanab. It had to break up for a while.

Mrs. B: His record starts after he was here.

Mr. S: You'll get a lot from his wife Mary Ann.

Mrs. S: He came here in '70 and I came about in '67.

Mr. S: I was here about '60, St. George wasn't made then. I can

remember when the hand cart company went to Santa Clara. Jacob Hamblin lived there then.

Mrs. B: My grandfather lived with Jacob Hamblin and worked with him among the Indians as a missionary.

Mr. S: Jacob Hamblin married here in this part of the country and I am acquainted with Will Mangham.

Mrs. B: Did you know Lot Smith?

Mr. S: No, I don't think he was ever here.

Mrs. B: Did you know Porter Rockwell?

Mr. S: Yes, I saw him. He generally traveled around with President Young. He was not a very large man. He was quite small. He wore his hair braided and long. I heard some say at that time that he was a body guard for Joseph Smith and he told him that if he left his hair long no Indian would ever kill him and they never did.

Mrs. B: The reason I asked about him was that a short time ago a man in the East wrote a book about him and it made him look like a real outlaw.

Mr. S: He must have looked something like Joseph Smith because the early history would say that they arrested him and thought he was Joseph Smith. He would have died before he would have told them.

Mrs. B: I want to know something about the Indian raids, the time the Berry boys were killed.

Mr. S: I saw them before they buried them at Grafton. The Indians never did raid this little town. They raided Kanarra one night and stole horses but the men caught them at Duck Lake and got the horses back.

Mrs. B: Do you remember Jim Andrus?

Mr. S: Oh, yes.

Mrs. S: Father went with him on the Indian raids and all his papers were burned.

Mrs. B: Did you remember John D. Lee?

Mr. S: I guess he was about as big a man as I am. He was a smart, hospitable man.

Mrs. B: But I know from his records that he was a fine man.

Mr. S: Yes, they all said that.

Mrs. B: Were you here in the days of the Reef?

Mr. S: I worked in the Reef.

Mrs. B: What kind of a place was it?

Mr. S: They had a main Street. It was quite rocky but built up on both sides and there were lots of people there.

Mrs. B: Was it quite rough?

Mr. S: It was pretty wild there in a way and in a way it wasn't. They had laws and they were strict with their laws. A woman without a good name wasn't allowed to dance in the ballroom. There were lots of nice people lived there.

Mrs. S: Father had a boarding house there in 1889 and we lived there and I worked in the Barbee Mill Building.

Mrs. B: They told one story about a toad found in the solid rock?

Mr. S: I had a pal, Dave Baxter, about twenty or twenty-one, and he swears that they were down about fifty feet and he found a toad there and he knew never came to the top after the shot and the thing was still alive. And he said it hopped as soon as he got back in from the shot he put in. This was in solid sandstone rock.

Mrs. B: That man that was hanged was an outlaw?

Mrs. S: His picture is somewhere here in town. His name was Tom Forests.

Mr. S: He really deserved to be killed. The shift boss turned him off and he met him on the trail and killed him with a knife and the officers took him to St. George. Uncle Gus was the sheriff. A mob went down and got him and lynched him. Carbis was the name of the man he killed. He had a wife and family well respected and it outraged the people. There was a ~~Diamond~~ killed there too. A man shot him and they emptied both of the guns before they stopped. They both were killed.

Mrs. B: Do you remember the old toll road?

Mr. S: John Martin kept it most of the time when it lasted.

Mrs. B: Did they try the silk industry here in Toquerville at all?

Mrs. S: Yes, they raised the cocoons but they didn't spin it here. That's why there is so many Mulberry trees here. Mrs. Bryner had caught a lot of cocoons on a atable and I think they were sent to St. George. Mrs. Woodbury received them and I believe she still has the dress of the silk.

Mrs. B: You didn't try cotton here much?

Mrs. S: Yes, this old building down here is the Gin Mill. We had our picture taken with it. My sister, Mrs. Higbee, was born during the flood.

Mrs. B: In Mr. Savage's diary he said something about getting a squaw so drunk she squealed and fell in a ditch.

Mrs. S: Mother went and drug that old Squaw out of the ditch.

ADELAIDE JACKSON SLACK

July 24.

I am the daughter of James Jackson who came to Toquerville in about 1861. As I wasn't born until 1868 I don't remember much about early days only what I have heard father and mother tell.

When father came to Toquerville he was early enough to choose the lots and fields. The town land had been taken out as a land entry by probate Judge John Nebeker so that was the one father got his lot from. Judge John Nebeker was the first judge of Kane County & This was Kane county then and Toquerville was the county seat.

Father first went to New Harmony to settle but Brigham Young called him to Toquerville and so he came and did very well. Father was a rustler and a man he worked for in Northern Utah said if he was put on a rock with just his two hands he would make a living some how.

He got his first real start when Johnsons army came to Utah. He had planted a big corn field and he built a wall about it. Everyone said he was foolish and that the soldiers would go through his wall easy enough, but when the army came he sold his corn for gold and blankets and anything he asked for. The army was starving for that kind of food. He always told his children to remember that it would not do any good to have good times unless they had something to sell.

Father hadn't much education and he taught himself to read and write. After he was grown he went to night school.

As soon as father got to Toquerville he planted fruit trees. As soon as there began to bear father peddled the fruit to Pioche. Father was a great lover of order and was very industrious and thrifty. He had good judgment also. He kept his garden and orchards in perfect order and no weeds were allowed, We had a big family and the children

were never allowed to go into the garden unless they had a reason for going or else the garden would have been trampled down. This is the only way to raise a good garden. Father did real well peddling and his family lived carefully so that there was money saved to buy sheep. The sheep finally made father well off.

The first trip father made from Toquerville to Salt Lake was with an ox team. It was bitter cold and he walked most of the way he was three weeks making the trip. Father brought a load of supplies back. He would buy a load of groceries at a time. He got them wholesale in Salt Lake.

Father made thousands of gallons of wine which he sold in Salt Lake. At that time we paid our tithing with wine and they used it for sacrament and sold it. They never realized it would become such an abused product, and ruin the young people. I have seen it sold fifty gallon barrels at a time. Then there was a law that allowed it to be sold not less than five gallons. What ever the law was father always obeyed it and did as the authorities advised and taught his children to be honest industrious and prayerful.

We had twenty five children. I remember there being twelve boys at one time at home. Our home was united and I loved my half brothers and sisters just like my own. We respected and obeyed father and mother. I wouldn't go against father for anything in the world when I was a kid.

Father belonged to the United Order. He nominated by Edwin Lamb and appointed an officer by Brigham Young. He peddled for the order as long as it lasted and used to turn in every cent to the order and lived just as carefully as he were working for himself.

We raised cotton. At first we had to pick the seeds out by hand.

I have helped pick the seeds out. I have seen a ton at a time piled up stairs on the floor to be seeded. Mother could spin and had a spinning wheel. Other things paid better so we quit raising cotton. We raised silk worms and we used to have to gather leaves for them. They took a great deal of care. The cocoons were sent to St. George. The silk they made was kind of rough and coarse looking. And we used to braid the prettiest hats, all the hats we ever had to wear we made at home.

I never had any Indian troubles or saw any trouble but we used to be searrit of them. I used to think if there were no bears or Indians it would be a pretty good world. Of course we heard of the Indian troubles other places. The Indians trusted father and left things with him for safe keeping. They liked mother and always said Mrs. Jackson was "a very good mother."

Father and mother done lots of singing. Father had a sweet bass voice and lead choir at one time. The neighbors would gather sometimes of a night at our place and we would have music and singing. We all loved music. We were one of the first families to have an organ. Mother taught school and had a school at home and taught her children. My sister Rose was called a songbird and my sister Larena played by ear when she was just a little tot.

I remember Erastus Snow real well. He came with the authorities to visit the ward. He was a good man. I remember well how bad they people felt when Brigham Young died and how they hung crepe on the doors.

We used to have big celebrations. We had a gardeners club that used to get up celebrations and dances. We put on plays and had good times.

My father went back England on a mission and while there converted many of his own people and they many of them came to Utah. We were

glad to have them out here and they made homes some of them near father. We had twenty two at the table all one winter. Father was a good provider.

Father was arrested one time for plural marriage altho at the time his first two wives were dead. They charged him with perjury but a lawyer got him acquitted of that charge too. The lawyer charged father a one hundred dollar fee.

Father did what ever he was called to do and tried to live his religion and was blessed and prospered.

LIFE SKETCH OF LORENZO JEFFERIES SLACK

by Louise Slack

I am the son of Martin and Eliza Ann Slack. I was born in 1856. When I was six weeks old father was called to Cedar to teach school. From there he was called to Santa Clara. We lived in Cedar at the time of the Mountain Meadow Massacre. Father was opposed to it and would not go with the men. Also he never talked about it, although he must have known a lot about it. I was too young to remember it. We left Santa Clara and went back to Parowan and from there to Cedar. I lived in Cedar until I was about nine years old.

When Brigham Young came to visit there would be quite a celebration. I remember all the school children marching out to meet him with flags and banners. I remember the horses got frightened of the banners.

From Cedar father was called to Grafton to teach. It was while we were living there that the Berry brothers were killed by the Indians.

There were the two brothers and the wife of one of them. The bodies were filled with arrows and the woman had been shot with an arrow which hit

her just back of the ear. Mother was a good seamstress and helped make their burial clothes. There was a big crowd at Grafton and everyone was excited. James Andrews organized a company to avenge them. A man named Lijah(Elijah) Evert borrowed fathers shot gun and went to join the company. After a while he and several others were sent back to Grafton with some of the horses that were lame. On their way the Indians waylaid them and Evert was killed. Father never saw the gun again as after killing Evert the Indians stole the gun. At Grafton father was not doing very well so he wrote to Brigham Young who told him he had filled his mission and he could settle where ever he wished to. He had gone to Cedar for two months to teach for MacFarlane while MacFarlane went to Salt Lake to be sealed to his wife Tillie, and from there he moved to Toquerville.

At that time bishop Willis was bishop of Toquerville. I was about eleven years old. Brigham Young used to make a trip about once a year on an average. He was always welcomed and stayed at bishop Willis's. Father never went into polygamy although most of the people here did believe in the principle. I never heard him say much on the subject. Mother was noted for her kindness and generosity. Father taught school in Toquerville and was county clerk at the time when Toquerville was the capital of Kane County.

I was seventeen when the United Order was organized in Toquerville. Father joined and then got me to. At that time John W. Young a son of Brigham Young gave the order some wheat Thomas Forsythe and I went to Ephriam to get a load of it. Only part of the town joined. I really am pretty sure Bishop Bringhamurst was the head of it. It wasn't

much of a success and in about six months I got out. I only got a pair of gaiters out of it that were ~~way~~ too big. Father had put a pair of horses, a wagon, and a pair of mules in it. I was afraid we would starve that winter so I got father to draw out the mules and wagon so I could work for some provisions. Soon after the whole thing fell through.

Soon after Silver Reef opened. Brother Steele and others thought there was silver at the reef and brought W. T. Barbee with a chemist to find out. Barbee stayed and put up the Barbee mill. I am sure his name was W. T. Barbee as he used to sign his name as if it were type.

I didn't go to work at the reef until after I was twenty. It was a busy camp for a while. They had dances and big times. I was working there when Johnny Diamond and Jack Truby killed each other. They were holding court in the side room of a saloon. I don't remember the name of the judge. Johnny Diamond was an officer and asked Jack Truby to remove his hat. Truby was a night watch man at the mine. Both were fine men but they had had words before. Truby asked Diamond to step outside. They went out and emptied their six shooters into each other. Diamond died right then and Truby lived until about one o'clock that night. There were other killings at the reef. ^aI wasn't working there when they lynched the reefer in St. George. Gus Hardy was the sheriff at the time. None caused quite the excitement that the killing of Johnny Diamond and Jack Truby did. I hauled hay and wood and went back and forth until the reef closed.

I knew some of the federal officers during the Crusade on the polygamists. I knew Jim McGreary and Johnny Armstrong. At that time

there was a law that you couldn't buy wine except in five gallon lots. They tried to get a law through the legislature that you couldn't sell wine at all but Erastus Snow was in Salt Lake at the time and told the people how much the people in Dixie depended on the sale of wine for a living so he got the law fixed so they could sell in five gallon lots. Of course local fellows could buy in smaller quantities and I took McGreary and Armstrong and introduced them to John Neagle, and told him he needn't be afraid to sell them a drink as all they were after was polygamists. Afterward they got me a job as a juror in Beaver.

One time they stopped Mose Gibson with his second wife on their way to Salt Lake City. Tom Wright was with him. They wanted to take Gibson to the Federal Commissioner at Silver Reef. Gibson got them to let Wright take his lady passenger on. While they were talking Brother Spillsbury came along in a buggy on his way to conference. When he saw Gibson and the officers he drove on and as soon as he was out of sight he got out of the buggy and went up the creek to hide as he was afraid of being arrested too. The officers saw him and what they didn't know they guessed and so they got him. On their way to Salt Lake they stopped in Parowan. McGeary wanted to go to the theater and wanted brother Spillsbury to go with him. Brother Spillsbury said he would rather stay at Marsden's and McGeary not thinking but what he could trust him, they never hardly thought of the polygamists as criminals, left and went to the Theater and when they got back Spillsbury had skipped. After that whenever McGeary was in Toquerville he stayed at Spillsburys so the old man would have to hide out.

Father, Tom Willis and I were in the Hurricane project and John

Ison at Virgin and Frank Langsnon. We formed a company and got Isaac MacFarlane to survey it. I went to help him. I worked four winters on the Hurricane ditch. Jim Jepson was one of the leaders. Then we got the church to buy stock in the company. Just before the church came in I quit and went to Arizona. The church gave them \$5000.00 at one time I know, to buy powder and supplies. After the church came in we didn't have to pay any more cash assessments. The church got their money back when they drew lots for the land.

My father was chairman of the Republican party in Washington County for many years. It was in 1891 that we split on party lines. I was out in Long Valley and got word that father was a Republican. I hauled Heber M. Wells to Rockville, Virgin and St. George when he was running for governor. We sure held some good rousing rallies.

When we first came to Toquerville they were raising cotton and I helped pick. In January we hauled it to Nebekers gin house. I made 3000 gallons of custom wine one year and got about ten gallons on a hundred.

If you had good grapes you got good wine. If the grapes were irrigated too much there was no sweet in them.

They made good Dixie wine in Toquerville until the state went dry. John G. Naegle had the biggest place and the most grapes. They used to sell more wine for produce than any other drop.

(signed) Lorenzo J. Slack.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN STAHLLI

I was born in Amerswile, county of Turgan, Switzerland, May 28 1857.

When I was four years of age, my parents, George and Sophia

Staheli, who had previously joined the church, decided to immigrate To America with their family. We left Switzerland in the early Spring of 1861, and after an ocean voyage of seven weeks we landed in New York City. From there we traveled by railroad to the city of Florence in the Central States, where we were to prepare for the journey across the plains. As we had no means of transportation, the church provided us with a wagon and ox team for which we were to pay after arriving in Utah. This fee was known as the Immigration Fund and was to be paid in yearly installments with a high rate of interest.

Our company consisted of about fifty wagons with two families to a wagon. The company was well organized for the trip. A captain was appointed and everything was done in systematic order. My father was the bugler and gave the signals for the various orders. At an early hour in the morning the bugle was sounded for the people to get up, get breakfast have prayers and prepare for the days journey. When all was in readiness the bugle was again sounded and the captain led the trains out in single file.

At noon and again in the evening the train formed a large circle to protect themselves against the Indians and to provide a corral for the oxen. If the grass was not sufficiently plentiful the oxen were herded on the outside.

Several times during the journey the ox train was stampeded by herds of buffaloes, but the country being level, no damage was done to the wagons or occupants. The trip as a whole, was a successful one.

We arrived in Salt Lake Valley in the summer and were given a warm reception by the people there. After remaining in Salt Lake for three weeks, Brigham Young called the Swiss people to go down

and settle Dixie. He wanted my father to stay in Salt Lake and teach music, but as the rest of the Swiss people were going down he wished to go also.

Again we had no teams and wagons for transportation, so Brigham Young arranged that the people of each community should take the company to the next place. The trip was a very difficult one, the roads often being so rough and sidling that several men would have to brace against a wagon to prevent it from tipping over.

When we passed through St. George there were but a few houses there. We went on to Santa Clara, arriving there in November, 1861. There were about thirty families there, living in the old fort, situated about a mile above the present site of Santa Clara. Some of them had been there long enough to have some land under cultivation and some orchards and vineyards started.

About a month after our arrival heavy storms set in which brought a large flood down through the valley. The fort was surrounded by water and a large part of the stream was running between the fort and the hill. My mother was in bed with a young baby in an upstairs room in the fort. She was rescued by Jacob Hamblin who put her and the baby on his back and waded the rushing torrent by holding to a rope that had been fastened from the fort to a post on the hill.

The fort, grist mill and all other buildings were washed away, forcing the people to move down to the present site of Santa Clara. Six months later my mother contracted typhoid fever and died.

We lived in dugouts for several years until materials and tools could be procured for building better homes. When spring came we had a very difficult time cultivating the soil. As we had no oxen

or implements, we spaded a garden and planted what few seeds we had brought with us. The scarcity of food compelled us to live mostly on pigweeds greens cooked in water with no seasoning except salt. Flour was twenty five dollars a hundred, and as we had no money, many months passed that we had no bread. Father worked very hard to provide for his family, often walking to St. George to work all day for a few pounds of corn meal. I well remember how glad I was to herd oxen all day Sunday for other people for a piece of white bread for my pay. When harvest time came we went out into the fields and gleaned wheat. Then with a half sack of wheat in a cart we pulled it by hand to Washington, which was 10 miles, to have it ground into flour. It was years before we saw any money, and then it was in the form of gold dust brought in by freighters from California.

Our first clothing was made out of sail cloth that was much thicker than canvas. It was so thick that holes had to be punched with an awl to sew it. When the girls dresses were made they would stand in the middle of the floor alone, and it was anything but pleasant to wear shirts and trousers with seams as thick as your finger, especially with nothing underneath them. I was twenty years old before I had my first ready-made suit of clothes.

After moving to Santa Clara, the Indians became very bold. On one occasion a large Indian came in and demanded bread from my step-mother. She told him she had none, which made him very angry and he pulled a butcher knife from his belt and threatened to kill her. She grabbed the hot fire poker and succeeded in driving him out of the house.

Another time an Indian came in the house and stole my mothers

scissors, which he hid in his clothing. Mother missed them immediately and asked him for them. He denied having them and was going to leave. Father took up the situation and gave him a genuine trouncing which shook the stolen scissors out on to the floor. He left the house and marched around the house threatening to burn it down unless Father would give them six hundred pounds of flour for the damage done to the Indian. Through the influence of Jacob Hamblin the difficulty was settled without any violence.

A great part of our time was spent in making molasses during the fall and early winter months. Having the only mill in town we had to work almost continually day and night. I often became so sleepy and tired I could hardly work. On one occasion I asked Father if I could go to bed when the roosters began to crow. About twelve o'clock I began crowing which started the roosters in the neighborhood to crowing, so Father told me to go to bed.

When I was about ten years old Father organized a band of about nine or ten members. On many occasions we were asked to go to St. George to play for Brigham Young as he came to St. George from Salt Lake City. Father also organized a Swiss choir, and he taught them all the Sunday School Songs as they were published in the Juvenile Instructor. Many times the women in the choir walked to St. George, carrying their babies to sing for conference.

On account of having so much work to do, and a lack of money to pay tuition, I had very little opportunity to go to school. When I did go the teacher was so mean that we were afraid to do anything but sit on our book all day, so we learned very little. The only books we had were a reader and a speller. We learned

nothing of writing, arithmetic, geography and such subjects.

That was all the schooling I had until I was twenty years old, when I went to Spring valley to work. There I had the opportunity of attending school for three months. It was very embarrassing to begin school with small children, but I was so anxious to get what schooling I could that I studied during recesses and all other times in order to learn as much as possible before school closed.

While I was away working I was able to earn enough money to buy a suit of clothes, a saddle, and a cornet and still have a hundred and fifty dollars to pay on the farm that father had purchased for me during my absence. Soon after my return home my father took sick and died in April, 1881.

On January 18, 1882, I was married to Barbara Tobler, daughter of Jacob and Barbara Tobler, in the St. George Temple. Soon after our marriage we bought a house and lot for \$225.00. The house had but one room and a porch made of sawed logs.

In 1887 I was called on a mission to Switzerland but due to ill health I was sent home after being in the mission field nine months. Eight years later I filled a second mission to Switzerland.

We remained in Santa Clara until 1917 when we sold out and moved to Enterprise. After going to Enterprise my health became impaired and we decided to move to St. George and spend the remainder of our days working in the temple. We moved to St. George in September, 1920 and since that time I have worked over 1500 names in the temple and my wife 1265 names.

I am now 75 years of age and my wife 67. We have nine children and 54 grandchildren living and a total posterity of 71.

collected by Katie Webb.

MORONI SPILLSEURY

July 19, 20, 1935 Louise Slack.

My father was called to Grafton from Draper. My father postmaster at Draper. One night there came a rapping on the window and a voice said "Heard the News?". Father said "no" and the voice said "You were called to Dixie Today." Then mother said, "What are you going to do?" and father answered "Why go, of course."

We were living in Grafton when the Berry brothers were killed Sad affair that was. The Berry brothers were bringing a supply of sugar and groceries from Salt Lake. At Parowan they stopped to rest their team and shue their horses. The Indians some of our local Indians and some Parowan Indians saw them there. They cut across the Mountains on their ponies and waited for the Berry brothers. When the Brothers saw they were attacked they threw out some of their supplies I guess thinking the Indians would stop, and get them. Once they thought they had got away but when they got round a little point the Indians were waiting for them. Willaim Berry waited for them to come in and when they were two days late rode out to see what was the trouble. He found them lying naked their bodies full of arrows and the horses and all the supplies stolen. He came back for help. Father was one of those who went to bring the bodies in. They could see where the Indians had set fire to the wagon but the fire had not burned. There were two brothers and one of them had his wife with him. All three were killed. There was ten or fifteen arrows in each of them.

After a while we moved to Rockville and from there to Toquerville and here I have been ever since.

I thought Brigham Young was the smartest man in the universe. We had him for dinner many times. I knew Porter Rockwell. He was Brigham Young's body guard. He always rode a horse and President Young would come along in a buggy. Porter Rockwell was a fine shrewd man.

We had hard times in the early days. I've seen flour sell for 20 dollars a hundred. Tone Ivins hired me once to take thirty gallon barrel of the best wine old man Nail made out to Kanab to Buffalo Bill and a bunch of English dudes he had out there. They went up to Seegmiller's ranch and hunted deer. It was that Seegmiller that was killed by his neighbor Roundy. Seegmiller was an aggravating neighbor and Roundy hot headed. Darned if he didn't shoot Seegmiller in the back and go home and shoot himself.

Majoy Dozett organized a band here in Toquerville. It was a good band. There was twenty four of us. I am the only one left living of that band. We played at all the celebrations. I remember once we went to Harmony to a general parade. It was a three day celebration. Apostle Show was there all dressed up in a uniform and made a fine speech. People camped in tents and wagons all over the flat. There were 3,000 people there. Four counties, Washington, Iron, Beaver and this, Toquerville was Kane then. We had race horses and a big time. We had a big parade and we played in the parade. It was a fine band.

I knew Jacob Hamblin. Tone Ivins traveled with him lots. He was the friend of the Indians. Indian interpreter he was. I remember he and Ivins camped one night on the public square here and Ash Nebeker went on a long trip with them.

I knew John D. Lee. I was well acquainted with him. He had lots of good qualities. He had good nerve. I think some one must have give him

away. They caught him in the loft of a barn out at Panguitch.

The way did with those people Mountain Meadows was bad though. Had them all lined up to march to Cedar. The Indians did most of the killing but they was helped. I don't know whether it was planned or just happened as I wasn't there. They'd have been all right if they had waited for the runner to come from the authorities. It had been bad all the way through but two wrongs don't make a right.

Used to be a road over the mountains. I was out after wood once and saw a stick sticking out of the ground and when we got to it it was a wagon tongue. We dug it up and it was an old iron axe wagon buried in the sand. Must have been buried at the time of the big flood. It rained here forty days once when I was akid. Awful floods that year.

Lot Smith used to live in Arizona at Mormon Dairy. I was at Winter Creek when Porter Rockwell and some other officers arrested Lot Smith and Rone Clauson. They were in and at first they were not going to come out but they told them they had better or they would shoot everyone in the House. Lot Smith used to be a wild one. He was accused of stealing that time.

I went with Jim Andrus after Indians. I went out under Hone Steele. When we got to Cannon Jim Andrus met us there and took charge of the whole party. I was with Jim Andrus when his horse was hit with an arrow. The Indian fired at Jim. He seen the arrow coming and leaned back and in doing so jerked up his horses head. The arrow struck right between the horses ears and we pulled the spike out with plyers. My brother Al was with him when they killed the Indians at Pipe Springs. He held the horses while it was going on. I have ridden night express up the river and to Harmony.

I wouldn't join the United Order. Father joined, and all but what little I had I wanted the privilege of handling. I was general manager of the Kolab herd for years. We made lots of nice butter and cheese on the mountain and brought down here. We have milked at times 200 cows. One and another kept drawing out. It was still a pretty big herd when I quit. I was a big owner and got big wages so I did pretty well.

I've made quite a lot of wine in early days. My father didn't make wine but I did. We used to use wine for sacrament and paid tithing with wine.

I remember the Silver Reef. It brought better times. I made by little start at Pioche though. I have sold peaches at 75¢ a dozen apricots 35¢ a pound and anywhere from seventy five cents to a dollar a dozen for eggs at Pioche.

Jim Jackson and I went out together.

I was the biggest owner of water shares in the La Verkin. I sold my shares on the La Verkin to Lafe McConnel for quick pay. I was and still am the largest owner of water shares on the Hurricane.

Oh, we did have times in early days over politics. We used to get so mad that we wouldn't speak to a Republican if he came into the crowd, and they were mad at us. We used to have rousing mud slinging rallies.

They used to bring good singers down from Salt Lake to sing at the rallies and there was lots of drinking. I remember singing

"If you want a get fat

You Democrat

Eat a good old American Crow"

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MRS. BROOKS AND ROAN SPILSBURY

June 19, 1935

Mr. S: I moved from Grafton to here. I remember the Indian incidents when the Berry boys were killed.

Mrs. B: Was that at Pipe Springs?

Mr. S: No, at Grafton. They were killed out here at Short Creek. There was two boys and one boy's wife.

Mrs.B: And you were there when they brought them in?

Mr.S: Yes, and I went over the ground later and I thought every bush was an Indian. It was the Berry Boys from Kanarra. Charlie Howard, and then, he was an Indian, they knew then and they went over the hill and did it. The boys had a big fat team and one man got wounded in the start and he was throwing out sugar and things and they circled around and thought they were getting away from them. They come up a wash and met them again and they ended then. William Berry; their brother, in a few days he come onto them. One man was bent over the end gate like in the act of cutting the tugs, the woman was out and had been treated rough.

Mr. B: They never did catch the Indians?

Mr.S: No. It was old Howard I'm satisfied that went right over the mountain and bet them. They never talked about it.

Mrs.B: I'd never heard about the Berry boys. When we were here before you told me that you met Buffalo Bill.

Mr. S: I went out to take a load of wine out to Seegmiller. Tone Ivins hired me. The wine was supposed to be thirty years old and he hired me to take it out to Kanab. They went down to the river and Ef Mansfield helped him across and Roosevelt sent Mansfield a watch.

Buffalo Bill came to Kanab and was there shooting around for a while then we went touppe Kanab and stayed there two days. I know Buffalo Bill was pretty keen. He said to me, "If you ever want a drink walk up there and take it. Those Englishmen will drink and never offer you one." He was a big man.

Mrs. B: I've seen his picture when he was an older man.

Mr. S: It must be thirty years since I've seen him.

Mrs. B: Did you know Lot Smith?

Mr. S: He married Jim Andrus's wife before she married Jim.

Mrs. B: Did Lot range through this country much?

Mr. S: No.

Mrs. B: Did you know Porter Rockwell?

Mr. S: Yes, he had long hair down to his waste. His beard was dark.

Every time he came here he had a little white dog riding behind him on his horse. He was a good shot.

Mrs. B: The reason I asked was that a year or two ago a man in the East wrote a book about Porter Rockwell and the book made him to appear the meanest man in the world.

Mr. S: He was a nice, respectable man or President Young wouldn't have been around with him.

Mrs. B: Well, did Porter Rockwell stay with Brigham Young?

Mr. S: Only when he made his trips. He was a very keen man, smart, good looking. His hair clear to his waist and he always had his little white dog.

Mrs. B: You know that President Joseph Smith promised him that if he didn't cut his hair the Indian would never kill him. Do you remember

- John D. Lee.

Mr. S: I'll say I do. He was a heavy set man and wasn't much taller than I am.

Mrs. B: Was he very dark?

Mr. S: No, not very dark. He was a good-looking man and smart. I've hid several of these fellows when the marshalls were after them. They were a long time getting him but they got him at Kanab.

Mrs. B: Did you know Jacob Hamblin?

Mr. S: He was an old-fashioned timer. He was a good man and was really at home among the Indians. John D. Lee was a very keen man. Quite a leader. He made a big mistake like a few others of us. They wouldn't have done it but they were tantilized up to it.

Mrs. B: Yes, they do things on an impulse.

Mr. S: John M. Higbee was the youngest one in it you know.

Mrs. B: Were you old enough to remember it when it happened?

Mr. S: Yes, they tried to rope Brigham Young in it but it was done just before his message came back. Dan Seegmiller lost his life up where Buffalo Bill and us was having a big time. Roundy killed him. He was worked up like a mad man. He came to the place and asked for Seegmiller. He said he would like to see him for a minute. Dan came out and Roundy said, "Let's go out to the barn," and he went ahead and shot him in the back. He went right home and shot himself. The women aren't enemies. It was just over the water. Dan was a little tantalizing and Roundy was high strung.

Mrs. B: That was out to Kanab?

Mr. S: Yes, at Dan Seegmiller's home. That's where Buffalo Bill and I was stopped. Dan's second wife was a little dark woman, a nice woman.

Mrs. B: Mrs. Roundy is a very fine lady.

Mr. S: Yes, a very good woman. It just worked up that quick and that's all there is to it. I saw the arrows pulled out of the Berry boys. I think it was three days before they found them. My father built that big rock house at Kannan.

Mrs. B: You were a brown man when the Reef started?

Mr. S: I was the first Mormon man in Pioche. I went there peddelling. I sold tomatoes for thirty-five cents a pound. I'd come home and buy calves. Pioche was a very good camp. They had ham for breakfast every morning.

Mrs. B: Was there very much shooting at the Reef?

Mr. S: Not much. That man they hung there deserved to be hung. His superintendent fired him and that night the superintendent went passed his cabin and he asked him in and killed him. It was a good thing they hanged him. Jacob Hamblin was a right good everyday man. Porter Rockwell was kind of a "tony" man. He always had a nice horse and was a good-looking man.

Mrs. B: He never did marry?

Mr. S: Not that I know of.

LIFE STORY OF BARBARA STAHeli GRAFF STUCKI

(Dec. 25, 1861-----)

My father, George Staheli and my mother Sophia Staheli came to Santa Clara, Utah from Switzerland in November 1861.

I was born in the Old Fort up around the point from the present site of Santa Clara. I was born Dec. 25th, 1861 and was the first baby born in Santa Clara, Utah.

When I was ten days old the big flood came down the Santa Clara Creek which washed away the Old Fort. The Grist mill was also washed

away. My mother was in bed and as it was in the night and my father being very busy he almost forgot to get her out. My mother was carried out by Jacob Hamblin who held onto a rope while my mother held on to his neck. She just barely got out when the wall caved in. My brother George was carried away by the flood but was saved by a man called "Little Bishop."

We then moved down around the point to the present site of Santa Clara. We lived in a tent for a few years until Father built a house. My mother died in July 1862. Father married widow Barbara Blickenstorfer. She was troubled with rheumatism. I went to school and studied reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling. The teacher was very mean. He whipped one boy for a long time to see if he could make him cry.

Besides my father and mother there were six children. We had to make one loaf of bread last us for one week. As I was the youngest I was given more than the others. We had very little sugar, spices etc. We used molasses for cooking and sweetening. We cooked pig weed without shortening. I got a nickel once and spent it for some honey to put on my bread. I had to work with the boys in the field hauling hay, grain, planting and gleaning.

We had dresses made of canvas and the boys had trousers made of canvas. Our shoes were home made from leather we got at the old tannery at St. George Utah. The Indians stole many of our horses and cattle in the early days, but when they found that the white people were friendly they were not so bothersome.

We had dances and played games. Some of the games we played were pomp-pomp pull away, steal sticks and red line. I went on a trip to Pine Valley, about 20 miles. It took us two days. We went up through the Santa Clara Canyon, and went in a wagon. My brothers George and

John made a trip to Salt Lake City. It took them a month.

My brothers and sisters were all born in the Old Country. I was the only who was born in Santa Clara. My parents both joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in the Old Country.

I married Henry Graff Oct. 15th, 1884. We had four children, George, Henry, Mina and Amanda. My husband died about six years after we were married.

I married Edward Stucki in Dec. 1900. From this union no children were born. Edward Stucki died Jan. 23rd. 1923. Since the death of my second husband I have lived in with my daughter Amanda. I was born in Santa Clara, Utah and have lived here all my life.

Collected by Katie Webb.

LIFE STORY OF CHRISTIAN STUCKI

My father Samuel Stucki was born in Switzerland in 1824. My mother Magdalena Stettler was also born in Switzerland in 1823. I was born in Rotanback, Switzerland October 7th, 1859.

We came to Salt Lake City, Utah in July 1860, and came to Santa Clara, Utah in 1861. Before we crossed the plains we stayed at Florence where my father who was a turner and carpenter made many of the hand-carts which were used by the Pioneers. My father bought a cow intending to harness her to the handcart to pull it across the plains. The cow ran away and tipped the handcart over and threw myself and my sister Rosina, who was about three years of age out. Father then gave the cow to a Danish company in return for which one of themen helped my father pull the handcart.

My mother helped also but her feet got blistered and although she still had to walk she couldn't help pull the handcart. My brother John S, Stucki (9 years old) also had to walk, as did my sister Mary Ann who was six years old.

We came from Salt Lake to Santa Clara with Church teams. One team would convey us for a distance and then another would continue with us until we reached Santa Clara. We first settled at the Old Fort which was up the Creek from the present site of Santa Clara. The trip from Salt Lake by the ox teams took about three weeks. The Santa Clara Creek at that time was very narrow and could easily be jumped.

After the big flood washed the Fort away we moved to the present site of Santa Clara and my father built a small adobe house and a dug out. The dug out was about three feet deep and had a dirt roof. Mother and father slept in the house and we children slept in the dug out, where we used to sing long into the night. We had the measles while we were in the dug out.

We were almost destitute for clothes as my father acting upon the advice of John Keller before leaving Switzerland had sold almost all of our clothing. I had a pair of trousers made out of a canvas tablecloth. I had to go barefoot most of the time. During the coldest weather I wore a pair of shoes made by Henry Houg. We had no stove but cooked on the fireplace. My folks went to the field one day and left me and my sister Rosy to watch some beans that were cooking in a kettle. We were so hungry that we ate some of them and got a good scolding for it. Food was very scarce. I can remember once that we were very low on food. Mother baked what little flour we had into biscuits, and father divided them up without taking any for himself. He was so famished he could

hardly talk and could not ask the blessing on the food. He then started for Casper Gublers home where he was going to borrow a team of oxen and a sack of grain and go to the grist mill. I remember how he staggered from the house to the fence and from tree to tree. He was so weak he could hardly stand up alone. Sister Gubler saw that he was hungry and gave him some bread. He then went to the grist mill, where he was so hungry he started eating some of the shorts. The people noticed it and gave him something to eat.

We raised a good crop of cane which we made into molasses. Father took the molasses to Cedar and Parowan and traded it for flour and potatoes. He had to borrow one ox to make the trip. While up there they borrowed ox died, so he had to borrow another to bring the load home. My brother John S. had to take the ox back and return on foot. At that time the Indians were quite bad. It was so cold that when my father got home he found that the potatoes were frozen.

Bishop Bunker gave father ten bushels of potatoes in return for which my father help build his house.

My father took up a lot in Santa Clara and one acre of land in the field. Later he got a piece of land in the St. George field. The alkali was so bad that the crops failed. He took up some land in lower three mile field on the Santa Clara Creek. We had to walk to work and back. This was also quite poor land and we had quite a bit of trouble with the ditch. Father also took up some of the red land north of the highway. It was also quite poor land. A flume was made to carry the water across a deep wash. One day father was driving under this flume and the shovel which was in the wagon caught on the flume and broke the handle off. The wash is filled up level now and a flood control dam has been built there by t

the C.C.C.

Father bought some land from Mr. Dickenson. It was all in timber and I had to help clear it. This made a good farm as it was all good land.

In the early days we had no foods such as sugar. We ate pig weeds cooked as greens. We used molasses for sugar and corn for bread. In 1874 and 1875 the United Order was established by the L.D.S. Church. My father with his second wife Barbara Muchly went to Price south of St. George, Utah. I stayed with my mother at Santa Clara and worked under the United Order. We got along pretty well. Many people took advantage and many were selfish. So the United Order soon broke up. During the United Order the Bishop would preside and other men were appointed as foremen. My Uncle was one of the foremen. The men would go out in crowds under the foremen to do the work. The hay and grain was then stacked in big piles and given out to the people. The United Order built homes for two families.

When the United Order broke up my father came back to Santa Clara and rented a house. Later he bought a lot and built a house. He and his second wife was thrifty and a good manager. After she died he married Mary Reber. My mother who was his first wife was opposed to polygamy at first but after reading the Doctrine and Covenants one of the Latter Day Saints Church books, she felt better about it. She remained faithful to my father and loved him till she died. I held her in my arms when she died. She seemed to go into a deep sleep. My father who was blind and living at the other part of town said her spirit came to him and called him three times. He answered the call and came to my mother but she

had died before he could get to her.

My father went to Panguitch for some shingles and almost froze. It seemed to affect his sight and he was blind for about 16 years. He died in 1908.

While a boy I had to herd the town herd of cows. I herded them up the creek and on the sand bench. I had to go all day without water and would get so thirsty I could drink anything. My sister Mary Ann helped me. We herded barefooted and had to walk in the hot sand and cactus. Each family had to take a turn at herding. They had to herd one day for each cow. Later on the boys used horses to herd with. They would lasso the cows and ride them. The people did not like this so they wouldn't send their cows out. This broke up the town herd. The Indians would come and beg for bread many times, but were not very mean. Father had a blind ox which he turned out on the sand bench. He was stolen by some one. We used to raise cotton. Sam Knight and others built the first Cotton gin in the Santa Clara. My father also built a cotton gin. I helped bail cotton for two years. We took the cotton to the factory at Washington. This factory was first run by A. R. Whitehead, then by Thomas Judd, and later by David Morris.

I married Mary Gubler May 31st 1883. We had six boys and six girls. We lost two girls.

I spent one year at Little Field with Henry Franer and Trout Graff. We got the water out at that place. I sold out my interest and returned to Santa Clara, as I wanted to be where there was a church and a school. I also didn't want to lose my property at Santa Clara.

I was president of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association for eight years. Was ward teacher for fifty years, and second assistant

Superintendent of the Sunday School for about eight years, and filled a mission to Switzerland. I left for this mission Oct. 1st 1899 and returned Dec. 5th, 1901.

I went to school and studied reading writing, arithmetic and spelling. We used to have spelling matches. The teacher was paid directly by the people. My father made a loom and my sister Mary Ann learned to weave. We used the root of the dock weed to die our cloth. Mother had a spinning wheel and we made our own clothes. The spinning wheel was made by my father in the Old Country.

I cut many acres of grain with a sickle. I would cut grain for others and take grain for my pay. I would get one bushel for cutting one acre. I cut 29 acres this way. Later we cut grain with a cradle.

We had many sports and entertainments in the early days. Charles Graff was the leader in these sports. We had dances, played baseball and played many games. The first school house in Santa Clara had one room. In it was held school, meetings, dances and theaters.

I am now 75 years old and still run my farm in Santa Clara, where I have lived all my life since coming from Salt Lake City in 1861, except for the one year when I was helping get out the water at Little Field.

Collected by Katie Webb

HAMILTON WALLACE

July 11, July 19-----Louise Slack

I was born in Spanish Fork. When I was seven years old I moved to Pinto and lived there until I was twenty four. I then married and moved to Toquerville. I have always liked pioneering. I farmed successfully in Toquerville, on Smith's and Hurricane and in La Verkin.

I was the first man from Toquerville to buy land in La Verkin. Brother Judd offered land for sale at \$100 an acre but no one bought so they offered it at \$50 an acre. Still no one bought it. The company was in debt and they had to raise money so they offered some land at thirty dollars and I bought three acres and after developing it I got three hundred an acre for it. I was the first man to plow land on Smith's. I have filed on lots of water and helped the people of Hurricane get their water.

When we first moved to Pinto it was just after the mountain meadow massacre of I heard many times how it happened from men who were eye witnesses. When the party came from Cedar to take the company back they wanted my step brothers to go with them. They decided against having anything to do with it and hid in the furrows of a potatoe patch until the Cedar party went on.

The Indians and Cedar party surrounded the company. The company had made their wagons into a circle to defend themselves. When they had to have water they always sent a pretty girl to the spring because no one would fire at her.

After the company surrendered they came from my step father to get him to drive the children and wounded into Cedar. When they got as far as a little patch of scruboak they fired on the company killing all except the little children. One of the company escaped and got as far as the muddy river before the Indians overtook him and murdered him. He hadn't a chance alone man with those Indians trackers on his trail.

My stepfather was surprized and horrified for he wouldn't have been there if they had not told him that the company had surrendered and that they were taking them back peaceable to hold them in Cedar until they

got word what to do with them from Brigham Young. You see he never knew any violence was being planned and there were others that were lead into it that way and who took no part in it. I guess the Indians did most of the killing but there was white men who did part of it all right. It was an awful wicked thing and many wicked lies have been spread about but it was terrible enough without the terrible tales that have been told. My stepfather took the little children home and went back and helped bury the dead. He always said he wished hadn't as the memory of that terrible sight he couldn't forget.

He kept one little girl in his home until two years after when some of her folks from the east came for her.

My stepbrother was there when they executed John D. Lee for this crime. They had six rifles, three loaded and three were not. All six were fired and he was hit three times in the heart and then his people took him to Panguitch where he was buried.

I have seen John D. Lee many times. I remember going to his farm to Harmony to buy meat. As we walked up to the door we heard him say he would have to hide out as he was expecting a posse.

I have herded sheep years at Meadows. I found a gold ring there. And I have seen skulls with bullet holes in them when some shallow grave was disturbed by animals.

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